The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME X | New York, Saturday, April 21, 1917 | Number 129

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IT is not certain what is to be the scope of the conferences between the British, French, and American governments. That they will arrange for material coöperation is obvious, but the conferences can hardly end there. Inevitably the discussion will tend to cover the objects of the war and the principles of settlement. The experts who accompany Mr. Balfour and M. Viviani can make arrangements with American technical men as to the methods by which we can make our contribution. But Mr. Balfour and M. Viviani will confer with the President and Mr. Lansing about the larger purposes of the war. It would be useless to pretend that a detailed diplomatic understanding exists between this country and the Allies. A common desire exists, there is a common enemy to fight, but the translation of that common desire into a program remains to be made. There is ground here for discussion which cannot possibly be evaded, nor do we suppose there will be any desire to evade it. Our Allies will wish to know how far they can count upon us, and Americans will wish to know more clearly than they do now the specific American objects of the war. That the negotiations will be difficult must be candidly admitted. The logic of war makes for secret diplomacy. But the logic of American diplomacy makes it no less necessary that a real exchange of views should take place, and that the conclusions be published.

WE do not wish to underestimate either the dangers or difficulties involved in publishing the formulae of agreement reached at these conferences. Nevertheless the American people will insist that they be published. They will not ask for information about specifically military or European questions, but they will have a right to know the full significance of every diplomatic commitment by their government. This is a serious business which cannot be obscured by any sentimental consideration. A democracy has been enlisted in a war for the protection of democracy and it will fight only in the spirit of a democracy. Nothing could damage American morale so tragically as an unanswered suspicion that our entrance into the war had started us down the slippery incline of secret agreements. There is every reason to believe that President Wilson is the last man to take such a step. Nevertheless these conferences will be watched by Americans with intense curiosity. Not only as a matter of right but of expediency as well, that curiosity should be met by satisfying publicity. No room should be left for guesses as to what takes place, for speculation or roundabout rumor. The wise thing and the just thing is to announce very soon that if any commitments are made they will be published.

CONGRESS has voted $3,000,000,000 as a fund which the American government can use to assist the enemies of Germany in their military and naval operations. In the allocation of this fund, consideration should be given to one very important fact. Before many weeks are over, Germany may have aroused enemies not merely in Europe but on the American continent. Certain Central and South American states are already

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considering the advisability of joining the combination against her, and whenever they decide to do so, they will require some assistance in order to make their hostility count. As a result of the war the finances of certain of the American countries to the south have been very much demoralized. Their resources cannot be effectively utilized unless something is done to restore their credit and their ability to conduct economically an international business. This is a responsibility which would naturally fall to the United States, and which the American government has every reason to assume. The other American states cannot supply much in the way of an effective military and naval force, but they can patrol their own waters, they can supply raw materials, and above all they can complete the moral isolation of Germany. Their assistance is needed in order to give an increasingly American emphasis to the war. If they are ready to coöperate, American statesmanship has every reason to encourage them in so doing and in helping them to make their coöperation of the utmost political value.

WE do not credit the rumors that the Russian Revolution is considering a separate peace with the German Empire, because a separate peace would mean that the Revolution had committed suicide. To abandon the liberal nations of the west and tie up with the Prussian autocracy would mean a profound reaction in Russia. The new régime depends upon the solidity of the league of nations, upon a close coöperation with the Atlantic democracies, a coöperation not only of spirit and purpose, but of a finance and commerce. A separate peace would isolate Russia morally, politically, economically, would make it in fact à vassal of Germany, and every political weakness would be the opportunity for intrigue and penetration. That the Russian Revolution wants peace soon, that it seems ready to abandon plans of conquest, is not disheartening to us. The American people will fully sympathize with the desire and recognize its wisdom. They even believe that the Revolution has made possible an easier and a better peace. But that it must be a general peace is the great thing, for only out of a general peace made by a loyal alliance can a league of nations arise, and that league is the natural home and protector of democratic Russia.

THE battle which is now assuming such huge proportions in northern France will carry with it more important results than any battle since the Marne and Ypres. The possibility of peace during or at the end of the coming summer is likely to depend on its issue. Among the many conditions of a satisfactory peace is the defeat of the German army in northern France, its forced retirement to the line of the Sambre and the Meuse, and a consequent demonstration of the ability of the Allied armies to carry on their offensive and either invade Germany or recover Belgium. Unless their troops are driven out of France and their territory is threatened with invasion, the Germans will never propose terms which the Allied governments can pause even to consider; and no matter how favorable the terms they propose, they will hardly be satisfactory to France and Great Britain unless accompanied by a victory in the field which would rob the German armies of their vainglorious military superiority. The present fighting is fraught, consequently, with prodigious consequences; and if the British and French armies succeed in their effort to force German retirement from the Hindenburg line their victory against so well prepared a foe will be one of the greatest triumphs of careful and inventive organization, of technical and military skill, and of human courage and endurance, which the world has ever seen.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rigors of the censorship, the stray bits of news which leak out from Germany indicate an increasingly dangerous ferment of German public opinion. The most significant of these indications is contained in the publication in the Berlin Vorwärts of the following sentence: "The German government must tell the people the whole truth, which is that one cannot dictate terms to a hostile world." This assertion contains, we believe, a threat and a portent of the future downfall of the German military caste. That military caste has not only contrived to built up in antagonism to Germany an alliance of all the imponderable moral forces in the world; it has not only converted the important liberal nations into its enemies, and all its important enemies into liberal nations, but it has attempted systematically to conceal these truths from the German people. The official press still talks as if the Russian Revolution and American participation in the war had left unimpaired the integrity of the German plan of moral defense; but the foregoing quotation from the Vorwärts is a warning sign that they cannot maintain much longer the sheer effrontery of such a lie. Manifestly Germany cannot dictate terms to a hostile world. She is beaten in any event precisely because she stands alone in a world which her own behavior has made hostile. Yet the government whose policy has aroused all important liberal nations against Germany is obliged to conceal the meaning and consequences of the fact from its

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own people; and its endeavors to deceive popular opinion in Germany about the consequences of her national moral isolation is the clearest symptom of the weakness of the government's actual standing. It is hiding the truth because the truth is too damning; and when the truth is finally exposed the German government will have to pay both for its mistakes and for its attempt to miseducate the German people as to their meaning.

IN the important conference to be held in Washington our government might well use its influence with the British to remove certain irritants which have tended to estrange American feeling. One of the most serious is the treatment of the conscientious objectors who are in prison because of their religious opposition to war. These are the men whose conscience forbids them to accept a safe alternative to military service. They have suffered greatly, and their suffering has so deeply impressed huge numbers of Americans that their case is now one of the most telling items in the anti-British propaganda. If the conscientious objectors could be released, if Mr. Bertrand Russell could be permitted to come to America and teach mathematics, one ugly obstruction to good feeling would be removed. It would be an act not only of justice but of practical wisdom. The British government can help us still further by permitting Americans to see German newspapers and books. This has now become a necessity in the actual conduct of the war, and there is no reason why Americans should be denied the right to read enemy publications, a right which we understand is not denied to English editors. Our government can surely be trusted to apply its own censorship, should that be necessary.

THE enforced retirement of Dr. Simon N. Patten from his professorship in the University of Pennsylvania is another reminder that some of our universities are still arbitrarily governed by a narrow-minded, obstinate Junkertum. Professor Patten is sixty-five, and this, in the opinion of a distinguished ironmaster, is a good age for retiring a professor. Educators know, however, that sixty-five is an age of debility for some professors and an age of extreme vigor for others, and that no rule of retirement can be applied rigidly, without taking into account the special circumstances in each case. In the case of Professor Patten, it should be held in mind that his name is one that has shed luster upon the University of Pennsylvania. In the last two decades of the nineteenth century, Patten was one of three men who wrought a reorganization of economic thought in America. Economic theory in America had been a weak imitation of classical British doctrine. Patten, Clark and Walker infused into the science an element of vigorous American thinking. No scholar in America or abroad can afford to ignore the influence of Patten upon the structure of economic thought. This influence is still alive and creative. Professor Patten's work is not nearly done. Yet the University of Pennsylvania retires him. It is said that his relation with pacifism has had something to do with his retirement. Whatever that relation is, it has been discreet and honorable and within the rights of an American citizen. Until further evidence is forthcoming we shall prefer to believe that the university authorities have been merely stupid, not enemies of freedom of thought as well.

THERE can be little question that an effort will be made greatly to increase the yield of the income tax by raising the rates on incomes now taxed and by lowering the exemptions to $1,500 and $2,000. The income tax is expected to yield $250,000,000 in the present fiscal year. The normal rate can at least be doubled without serious hardship to any class of income taxpayers, and there is every reason, social and fiscal, why the additional rates on large incomes should be increased in even greater proportion. With the increased rates and more systematic efforts to forestall tax dodging three-quarters of a billion could be drawn from the present roll of income taxpayers. How much should we be able to add to this sum by lowering the exemptions? According to Professor Seligman all that might be expected from taxing the incomes falling between $1,500—$2,000 and $3,000—$4,000 would be about $8,000,000 for each one per cent of tax. Not much relief to the budget is to be derived from taxing the smaller incomes at any rate that would be politically practicable. Much more is to be expected from the development of the excess profits tax. Whatever we may do in the way of regulating prices, there are sure to remain multitudes of establishments securing rich profits from the business expansion attendant upon war disbursements. Such profits ought to be diverted, in so far as practicable, to the national treasury. A quarter of a billion from such sources is not an immoderate expectation.

INDIRECT taxation will doubtless have to be applied extensively if we are to realize the project of defraying any considerable part of the war outlays out of the current income. Taxes on coffee, tea and sugar would be extremely productive, but they are open to the very serious objection that they would increase materially the

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cost of living, which in recent years has been rising more rapidly than wages. To increase the taxes upon tobacco and alcoholic beverages, on the other hand, is desirable on several accounts. According to Professor Seligman's computations, tobacco taxed at Civil War rates would yield $305,000,000 and distilled spirits would yield $272,000,000. For the two items the revenue would be $330,000,000 in excess of the present yield. Another $100,000,000 might be obtained from additional taxation of fermented liquors. Such drastic taxation would necessarily reduce consumption, but at a time of national crisis we may regard this as an advantage in itself. We have better use for our industrial power than the provision of quite dispensable luxuries.

APPARENTLY our government intends to follow the bad precedent of Civil War finance in exempting war loan bonds from taxation. The off-hand opinions of some prominent bankers appear to favor this course. Men who have devoted their lives to the study of finance here and abroad, like Professor E. R. A. Seligman, are opposed to tax exemption. We should market tax-free bonds at a higher price than bonds yielding an income subject to taxation. But what we should gain in the price of bonds we should almost certainly lose several times over in taxation deficiencies. Tax-free bonds yielding a low rate of interest represent a rich man's investment; they serve as a refuge from income taxation sure to become heavy if the war lasts. Taxable bonds yielding the normal rate would be especially attractive only to men of small savings. It is superfluous to urge the point that the more widely a government loan is distributed the better. The poor man needs the stimulus to thrift that is afforded by a productive investment. The rich man can find abundant opportunity for investment in private enterprise.

THE presence of a German submarine in the North Atlantic off the American coast has not yet been confirmed by indisputable evidence, and until it is the report must be taken with scepticism. The German government, it must be remembered, has not formally enlarged the war zone, in which the submarine blockade is effective, to include any American waters. Doubtless a proclamation to that effect, if it comes, will accompany rather than precede the offensive activity of the submarines, but considering the much greater importance to the Germans of blockading the British islands and the much increased cost and difficulty of operating submarines on this side of the Atlantic, the presumption runs against the credibility of the report. The German admiralty would, we believe, have only one sufficient reason from the standpoint of naval strategy in planning submarine raids in the western Atlantic. They might expect by so doing to keep the American navy from sending any part of its fleet of submarine chasers to British waters. Yet unquestionably and in any event that is what our navy should aim to do. The reasons urged by Admiral Jellicoe for the adoption of such a course just as soon as it is practicable have the utmost force. The American navy cannot afford to accept a merely defensive strategy. The best way to prevent submarines from hunting American ships in American waters is to hunt submarines in British waters. Submarine chasers should be built in sufficient numbers to permit the despatch of a large mosquito fleet to Europe. For the present it is by aggressive tactics in the water and in the air that Americans can bring home most quickly and most terribly to the German government the penalty of having incurred for so long their just resentment.

MAYOR MITCHEL of New York has done well to revoke all-night liquor licenses. It would be scandalous to permit during war the kind of revelry which takes place after one o'clock in certain of the restaurants and dance halls. His action is only the first of a series of restrictions which will have to be imposed upon the night life in New York and other large cities. Almost all the food and drink consumed after midnight is sheer waste or something worse, and it must soon be stopped if only in the interest of economy. One of the first tasks of any food control bureau will be to do away with the unmitigated frivolity of this class of food consumption, limited though it is.

Public Opinion and the War

IN entering the European war the American nation has adopted a decision which will profoundly modify for better or for worse its future destiny. The possible benefits are incalculably great but no less incalculable and considerable are the possible disasters. The decision itself has settled little. It has merely launched the nation on an enterprise as hazardous as it is important, whose prosperity depends upon the way it is conducted, and whose risks are as much of the spirit as they are of worldly power and safety. Those who labored to persuade their fellow countrymen to join the alliance against Germany have assumed a peculiarly

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onerous responsibility. War, even when a nation accepts it with chagrin and without any expectation of exclusive gains, is a devilish business. He who sups with the devil must fish with a long spoon. It will require vigilant and enlightened management to make such dangerous company profitable—particularly when the largest good which victory in the war can yield will profit us nothing unless the greater assurance of external security can be made to yield an increase of internal grace.

One condition of the gathering of the better benefits from American participation in the war is the candid and sympathetic understanding of the prevailing psychological and moral condition of the American people. Their state of mind is at present dubious, inchoate and tentative. It is accessible to all kinds of influences, both wholesome and diseased, both binding and loosening, both vitalizing and enervating. If its hesitations, uncertainties and moving impulses are understood and submitted both to the needed correction and to the needed encouragement, the nation may pluck from its share in the war an invigorated national organization and a liberalized national consciousness. But if this state of mind is misunderstood, if its susceptibilities are wounded, if its suspicions are intensified, if its misgivings are overridden and if insufficent means of expression are afforded to its better positive impulses, then no matter whether Germany is beaten or not, America would emerge from the war a defeated and disintegrated nation.

Just at present popular opinion is at once curiously placid and unenthusiastic about the war, but at the same time loyally acquiescent. The American people still do not know quite what has happened to them. They have suspected all along that something was being "put over "on them, but they have not been sure. The business has been managed according to rule and they have confidence in the good faith and the political wisdom of the President. When, consequently, congressman after congressman and senator after senator asserted during the debate over the declaration of war that they would vote for the declaration, but betrayed a manifest reluctance to do so and an equally manifest indisposition to accept Mr. Wilson's definition of the objects of American participation, Congress was much more representative than usual of the state of mind of the American middle class. Popular reluctance is not expressed in immediate irresolution. Congress with the support of public opinion has already consented with practical unanimity to vote for the expenses of the first few months a sum more than twice as large as required by a four years' war to save the American Union. It will continue to consent to any financial or military measure which may be necessary in order to make Germany feel the impact of a formidable enemy and to make the European democracies feel the supporting hand of a useful friend. But these consents have been and will continue to be given subject to certain tacit stipulations, of which the people are only partly conscious, but which cannot be separated from the sincere attempt to use war as an aggressive tool of democracy. If these stipulations are ignored or misunderstood, the American people are likely when they finally settle accounts with those responsible for the war, to express their discontent in a drastic and revolutionary manner.

None of the stipulations involved in the attempt to fight a war for democracy will operate against the adoption of any military, naval and economic measures which are necessary to enforce the declared object of national policy. War is the most intolerable and exacting of taskmasters; and now that they have accepted its rule the American people will not flinch from the rigors of its discipline. The discipline will include some amount and kind of compulsory military service. No matter how formidable the existing opposition to conscription appears to be both in Congress and in the country, it will in the end fail to put up a more successful resistance than did the opposition to war. Our pacifist fellow-citizens who are fighting compulsion in what they believe to be the interest of democracy are falling into a natural error; but they are none the less doing their own cherished cause a doubtful service. They are making democracy depend more upon the observance of scruples than upon the successful use of the new conditions, brought into existence by American participation in the war, in order to penetrate the national organization and policy with a democratic impulse. If they consider the war in which their country is now engaged so dangerous and hostile to democracy that the most important business of sincere democrats is to adopt obstructive and defensive tactics, they will not succeed in their obstruction and they will be dividing themselves from the forward liberal movement in American national life.

The stipulations which the official management of the war will have to recognize in order to vindicate its declared purposes look in a different direction. They presuppose an opportunity of promoting democracy even during war, and particularly during a revolutionary world war. Compulsory service must be accepted because compulsion is a necessary part of the grim logic of war, and because voluntary recruiting degenerates into a peculiarly hateful form of moral and social violence. But it must be a selective conscription, which will exempt all who have valid moral objections to fighting and which seeks to organize the labor of the country for national service rather than merely to compel

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honest men to fight against their convictions. The financing of the war offers an opportunity of redressing some of the inequalities in the distribution of wealth, against which social reformers have long been protesting in vain, and which may be lost if a plan of democratic finance is proposed merely for obstructive purposes and by opponents of the war. Labor standards, in so far as they contribute to the happiness and health of the wage-earners, must not be sacrificed, but the important work of the friends of labor is not to fight a temporary accommodation to the hard necessities of war, but rather to use the opportunity to improve the political and social standing of the labor unions and to adjust the union policy to the application of scientific method in industry. The operation of any censorship during war is dangerous to freedom of speech, but the danger is not serious so long as the government is at bottom not seeking to deceive or bulldoze public opinion, but to inform and direct it. The suppression of facts and at times of opinions is only the negative aspect of the necessary national propaganda. The government is conducting a dangerous and costly enterprise which will fail unless it is intelligently and loyally supported by popular opinion. Its success, consequently, depends upon its ability to capture and to hold the interest and attention of the American people, to make them understand not only what it is doing but how all its expedients and plans are controlled by its declared object of making the world a safer place for democracies.

The necessary propaganda, however, cannot be carried on by the government alone. It will need the support of every American who understands that the nation is engaged in not merely a military but a spiritual enterprise, in a war with the enemies within the gates as well as the enemies without. It may be difficult to cleave to this truth. There is daily coming into completer operation the forced moral draught with which during war a patriotic nation is infused. Congressmen vote for a declaration of war in which they do not believe, but against which they dare not protest. Other Congressmen who dare to protest against the declaration of war succumb to the compulsion of patriotism and vote the funds with which to carry it on. Press and pulpit conspire to make nonconformity disreputable. "We must all," says Mr. Wilson, "speak, act and serve together." Yet although the nation will be subjected to the usual process of moral compulsion in the interest of unity, we doubt whether it will be possessed by the usual war psychology. That psychological condition is associated with fear and with hate, and as yet the American nation does not hate and is not afraid. In entering the war it yielded to the deliberate choice of a limited but influential class, rather than to the dominion of a tangible physical threat.

Starting with such a state of mind to work upon, liberals who can gain public attention will have a chance to put to good use the forced draught of patriotism. They can make the concentration of public attention and the fixation of the national will serve the cause of compulsory popular education as to the nature of war and the implications of democracy. They can bring home to their fellow-countrymen that a war on behalf of organized international security and the rights of all peoples would be the basest hypocrisy in case it supplied to foreigners a quality of security and opportunity to the national industrial organization denied to Americans. The people who willed American participation in the war must not be allowed to take the name of democracy in vain. By proclaiming it war between autocratic and democratic principles, those who were conservatives delivered themselves into the hands of the radicals. It remains for the radicals to use every chance offered either by domestic and foreign policy during the war to advertise and realize a democratic program.

America's Debt to Mr. Balfour

IN sending Mr. Arthur J. Balfour to this country as the head of its Commission, the English government made a singularly wise and happy choice. Mr. Balfour has all obvious qualifications for the task and some which are not so obvious. Americans will like to negotiate with him because as an ex-Premier and as Foreign Secretary in the existing Cabinet he possesses rare personal prestige and authority. They will like him, even though they do not negotiate with him, because he is an urbane, an honest-minded and fair-minded gentleman, whose conservative political opinions have never betrayed him into intellectual illiberalism, and whose influence upon British counsels in the present war is known to have counted in favor of moderation. But in addition to these obvious qualifications which are shared to a greater or smaller extent by other English statesmen, Mr. Balfour has an additional claim on the consideration of the American nation which justifies the extension to him of a particularly cordial welcome on the occasion of his first visit to the United States.

On January 15th, 1896, Mr. Balfour, then Leader in the House of Commons for the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury, made a speech about the relations between the United Kingdom and the United States, for which every intelligent American owes him a debt of gratitude. Some weeks before, President Cleveland, in objecting to the way in which the

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British government was handling a dispute with Venezuela over the boundaries between that state and British Guiana, had adopted an extremely truculent tone and had threatened Great Britain with war unless the dispute was submitted to arbitration. There was a tense moment in which war was by no means out of the question. If the British government had carried on the controversy with a ruthless disregard of possible consequences, similar to that of the American President, the two countries might have been whipped up to the point of fighting. But Lord Salisbury yielded, and the reasons which determined his conciliatory policy were first and most admirably expressed by his relative and colleague, Mr. Balfour, in the speech to which we are now calling attention.

After disclaiming all intention on the part of the British government to challenge the Monroe Doctrine, Mr. Balfour went on to say:

> But I should not be consulting my own feelings in this matter were I to avoid touching upon another aspect of this controversy with America, which I confess comes nearer to my heart than any technicalities with regard to the Venezuelan boundary or the interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. I have been deeply and painfully impressed by the different attitude in which we on this side of the Atlantic look at the question of war from that which appears to be taken by some sections of the American population. To us the idea of war with the United States carries with it something of the unnatural horror of a civil war. War with any nation is a contingency to be avoided at almost any cost except the cost of dishonor, but war with the United States appears to have an added horror of its own, born of the fact that those with whom we should be fighting are our own flesh and blood, speaking our own language, having our own civilization. I feel that the pride of the race to which we belong is a pride which includes every English-speaking country in the world. We have a domestic patriotism as Scotchmen or as Englishmen or as Irishmen or what you will. But surely in addition to that we have also an Anglo-Saxon patriotism which embraces within its ample folds the whole of that great race which has done so much in every branch of human effort, which has produced free institutions and free communities. . . . We may be taxed with being idealists and dreamers in this matter. I would rather be an idealist and a dreamer; and I look forward with confidence to the time when our ideals will have become real and our dreams will be embodied in actual political fact. It cannot but be that those whose national roots go down into the same past as our own, who share our language, our literature, our laws, our religion, everything that makes a nation great, and who share in substance our institutions, it cannot but be that a time will come when they will feel that they and we have a common duty to perform, a common office to fulfil among the nations of the world. The time will come, the time must come, when some one, some statesman more fortunate even than President Monroe, will lay down the doctrine that between English-speaking peoples war is impossible, and then it will be seen that every man who by rash action or hasty word makes the preservation of peace difficult or, it may be, impossible, has committed a crime not only against his own country, not only against that other country to whom he has invited war, but against civilization itself.

The time has now come, as Mr. Balfour then predicted, when the United States and the British Commonwealth have a common duty to perform and a common office to fulfil among the nations of the world, when an American President more fortunate than Monroe has promulgated a doctrine greater than that of the inviolability of the American continents, which will not only make war between them inconceivable, but which will, we hope, diminish the future probability of war among all nations. In the year 1917 we would not describe the bond between the British Commonwealth and the United States quite as Mr. Balfour did in 1896. The Americans are a composite rather than an Anglo-Saxon people. It is less a tie of race, or language, or culture which binds this country to the British Commonwealth than a common stake in the international maritime domain and a common responsibility for its orderly government. Nevertheless Mr. Balfour's words spoken when Anglo-American relations were dangerously compromised were prophetic. He himself has traveled to America in order to reach an understanding with the American government about the common office which the two countries have to fulfil among the nations of the world. He himself is granted the opportunity of helping the successor of Monroe to write the Monroe Doctrine into public law and of at the same time transforming it from a principle which seeks to make the Americas safe for democracy into one which bestows the same safety upon all the peoples of all the world.

Morale

IT is literally true that at the present moment we can fight Germany only by reconstructing the United States. In the ordinary military sense America cannot suddenly march off into battle. We are not invaded as France was, we cannot rouse ourselves with cries that "The Hun is at the gate," because he isn't. We have no lost provinces to redeem, no great imperial dream to realize. We are called to create what the President has described as a great international service army, and to make that army count for a somewhat intangible end. The virtues which in other wars are reflected from the battlefield and stimulated by immediate fears and hopes have to be centered in a gigantic industrial operation. Only a tiny fraction of the people can act upon the more obvious military motives. The

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morale required consequently is a peculiar one. It is far more nearly the morale of a coöperative commonwealth than of a nation in arms. It is a morale of workmanship, skill, articulation, economy, invention, and the merging of self-interest.

We shall count or fail as we succeed in remedying those defects of our national organization against which reformers have fought long before this war was conceived. The enemy is bad work, corruption, special interest, administrative slack, planlessness—the typical evils of a sprawling, half-educated competitive capitalism. No other nation ever engaged in a war which was so non-military in the chief necessities. No other nation ever engaged in a war in which the word victory was so feeble a description of its aim. We are fighting, we claim, to make the world safe for democracy, to defeat a monstrous aggression, to create a new organization of mankind. It means that we are working for a complex political end chiefly through an intricate industrial effort. We are fighting by methods new in warfare for objects new to warfare. Never was a war fought so far from the battlefield for purposes so distinct from the battlefield.

By conventional military standards such as we all learn from school books, this is a freakish war for America. It has less of exploit, adventure, drum and fife than any war in history. It is prosaic. It is a war of bread and boats, finance and taxes, munitions, and only in a very small degree at least for the present, a war of armies and navies. That is why those who really understand the war wish to avoid the follies and violence of a recruiting campaign. In a conflict where such an economic morale is required it is folly to let loose upon the nation a swarm of ignorant orators, nagging women, and excitable preachers with their clamor about slackers and cowards. The value of conscription at this time is that it permits us to organize the nation cleanly without disheartening and worrying and branding every man who is not in uniform. Good work, whole-hearted work is impossible for men who are compelled to eat out their hearts deciding whether they have not enlisted because they are afraid or because they are of more use elsewhere.

The elimination of the recruiting campaign is fundamental to morale. If in the present state of the labor market we are compelled to raise a million men by wheedling, exhorting, cursing, and insulting the whole male population we shall be lame from the start. We shall not only fail, but we shall divide our people in a most footless way. We shall divide them into heroes and stay-at-homes, when as a matter of fact the real division should be between those who serve effectively and those who don't. In view of the fact that success depends almost entirely on the stay-at-homes we could not do worse than to make them feel even the smallest stigma. That is corrosive, and it would be criminal to permit it.

This, then, is basic to our morale, that the individual be relieved of the necessity of deciding whether he is to be called into military service. The size of our population is so great, the number of men who can actually be used in the field so small, that the selective draft can be administered with a minimum of tyranny. But there is a positive aspect to morale which calls for unusual inventiveness.

The President's proclamation of April 15th shows the way. It is a comprehensive outline of our contribution to the war. It is a platform for the kind of publicity campaign which is required. To make it immediately vivid and detailed to the American people is, however, no easy task. For it calls upon them to adopt by a swift conversion the virtues which they have neglected in time of peace. It demands a right-about-face from our old localism, competition, profiteering, waste, and drift. And the demand comes to us at a time when the enemy is encircled and can not strike at us. It is an appeal to our reason and not to our fears.

If we can meet that appeal with the speed and efficiency required we shall do something more than help win the war. We shall have reorganized ourselves and made democracy secure in America. The leadership in the work must fall naturally to the inventive civilians, to those very reformers and pioneers who all along have preached the very gospel which is now transformed from an amiable hobby into a world necessity. They will have to be supported by a publicity campaign conducted by men specially fitted to interpret this non-military and non-commercial industrial war. For this is not a Billy Sunday war, not a New York Evening Telegram war, nor even an Honorable Augustus P. Gardner war. It is a war of engineers, inventors, organizers, social experts, a war of coöperation, technique, productivity, and sacrifice.

For a long time, if the war lasts a long time, the war is certain to be a grinding, prosaic enterprise. It will mean hard work, low profits, high taxes, discipline, perhaps even shortage of food, certainly the cutting down of luxury. The habits and motives it will call upon are fragile and cannot be sustained by merely tribal pugnacity. The bloom will tend to wear off. In a few months the defects of our national life will be visible, and they will be discouraging. With little glory and little fear to sustain the nation, a very dangerous tendency to a slackness of morale may appear. Then we shall see the test of how vividly, how realistically, how fearlessly the leaders of American opinion have understood the peculiar morale of this unconventional war.

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The Second Line of Defense

THE first reaction to war is often a craving for personal sacrifice. People are impelled to quit their usual occupations in order to render some immediate, some extraordinary service to their country. In England the navy was endangered by the rush of coal miners into Kitchener's army. For months munitions production in France was crippled by the withdrawal of skilled mechanics from the factories. In New York newspaper editors, whose specialized ability is worth hundreds of recruits, plead for enlistment as hospital orderlies. Our heightened emotions make it difficult to realize that successful war now demands an intensification rather than a disjointing of normal industrial and social processes.

One of the most stirring manifestations of patriotic ardor has been the rush of women to the colors. By tens of thousands they have offered themselves for every emergency service from back yard agriculture to the naval reserve. Short of the trenches there is nothing that men can do that they are not keen to do also. Had women been available for military enlistment, who can doubt that they would have made men look like slackers by their rush to arms.

But it is in the second line of defense that women can give the most effective war service—the line where after the actual provision for their fighting men the efforts of all the belligerents are concentrated—the line that protects their children.

Last week Dr. Josephine Baker, Director of the New York Bureau of Child Hygiene, told a club of women who were anxious to place their lives at the service of the country, about the needs of the city's children. Before the discussion could begin, a woman rose at the left of the audience, another at the right; scattered through the hall they sprang to their feet.

"Madam President! Madam President! Was this meeting called to discuss the feeding of children or preparations for war?"

"I want to nurse wounded soldiers!"

"But what are we going to do for our country?"

When Dr. Baker said that it was her duty to go on with the work of caring for the children, there were exclamations of protest.

"Of course," one woman insisted; "but what will you do to help win the war?"

They did not seem to grasp the significance of what the war has already done to our American children.

Medical examination has discovered more than one hundred and sixty thousand children in New York's secondary schools who "show the stigmata of prolonged undernourishment." For these borderline cases continued underfeeding will mean permanent bodily impairment. There are other tens of thousands who have not been getting enough to eat—some two hundred thousand in all. This is the largest number of hungry children ever recorded by the Department of Health, and it has appeared not in a time of panic or abnormal unemployment but in the midst of what has been assumed to be general prosperity.

It is no answer to say that there have always been thousands of children going hungry to school. Neither does it help the children to charge their condition to parental neglect. Such evasions are unpardonable at all times; they are especially dangerous now. For there is no doubt that the evil of undernourishment among our city children, aggravated as it has already been by the European war, will be intensified by our participation in the conflict unless we take extraordinary precautions. In spite of the unusual demand for labor there has been a large and steady decline in the buying power of wages, so that families with father and mother, older brothers and sisters all at work, have found it increasingly difficult to feed the children properly.

Many people are under the illusion that the wage-earners have been reaping a golden harvest. In its April Bulletin the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics prints a comparative table of wage increases and the increased cost of food as reported by the principal trades in forty-eight of the leading cities for the past ten years. During that decade weekly wage rates rose 16 per cent; retail food prices 39 per cent. Of these increases, 5 per cent in wages and 14 per cent in food prices followed the outbreak of the war. In addition to this gross disparity, food prices made a further advance of 23 per cent during January and February of 1917, while wages advanced from 10 to 15 per cent, and this in a few industries only. To the increase in the cost of food must be added the increase in the cost of shoes, clothing and rent. Statistics on these items are difficult to assemble, but the New York Times reports that rents in some parts of New York have risen from 10 to 15 per cent during the past year—enough to absorb a large part of the average increase in wages.

These are the principal reasons why 160,000 children in the New York schools bear the stigmata of prolonged undernourishment. Their parents have not had money enough to buy the necessary food. What is true of New York must also be true of the forty-eight cities covered by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. If the wage-workers respond to Mr. Gompers's appeal to make the continued acceptance of exist-

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ing standards a matter of patriotism, the pressure upon the children, our second line of national defense, will grow steadily heavier as the war goes on unless the women take effective steps to protect them. How can this be done?

Not by inventing new and untried activities, but by the extension and reënforcement of the existing machinery. New York City, especially, has developed a system of child conservation which, as a system, is the equal of the best that war has created in Europe. The first school nurse was employed by the city almost a generation ago. To-day, the Bureau of Child Hygiene employs more than three hundred nurses, one hundred and eighty-seven medical inspectors, ten dentists, two surgeons, fifty-eight nurses' assistants and almost one hundred men and women of other ranks. It operates fifty-nine infants' health stations for the feeding and medical supervision of babies and the instruction of mothers. It coöperates with scores of day nurseries, settlements, clinics and hospitals. And in recent years, its work has been reënforced by the School Lunch Committee, which with the aid of a municipal subsidy sold over two million penny portions of food last year to ten thousand children at thirty-four school kitchens. As a result of all this work, the infant death rate fell from 200 per thousand in 1898, to 125 in 1910 and 93 in 1916 —the lowest in the country. The death rate among children under five years has undergone a corresponding decrease. But the morbidity among children of school age—that is, the proportion in a subnormal state of health and physical resistance—has apparently increased. This is principally due to the fact that the service of the school lunches has not kept pace with the decline in the purchasing power of wages. And the lunch rooms ought now to be run throughout the year, instead of the school months only. The danger is that at this time when the need of the children grows daily more acute, it will be difficult not only to extend the present service, but to keep it intact.

There is already a shortage of trained nurses. This will be aggravated as our army is mobilized into action. Europe is calling for doctors; our army will call for them in increasing numbers. The trained assistance needed to operate the school lunch rooms will be in growing demand. The infant health stations and the school kitchens will need volunteers. As soon as the woman's registration bureau of the Mayor's Defense Committee is in effective operation, Dr. Baker plans to institute a six weeks' training course for women qualified to replace or supplement her present staff. If the women of the city had been alive to their opportunity, this auxiliary service would be in training now. Stewpans and nursing bottles are so repellently unromantic! Unless the children are to bear an increasingly disproportionate part of the war's burden, every infants' health station, school lunch room, day nursery, settlement, kindergarten and Sunday school must be organized in coöperation with the Bureau of Child Hygiene and run to capacity, at least for the duration of the war. It is for the women to say whether the end of the war shall find our children broken in health.

Overplaying the News

NEWSPAPER readers who are accustomed to take all Washington dispatches literally must be wondering why the government has made no provision for quartering the prisoners we shall take. That, apparently, is the only circumstance connected with our going in which has not been anticipated, discussed, and quite adequately prepared for. Other developments have been coming rapidly. It was only two days after the declaration of war that most of our journals reported that definite arrangements had been made for the full coöperation of the British and American fleets. Since then it has been announced that a censorship bill, drafted by the War Department, was about to be made law; that the General Staff had prepared its plan for raising a new army, and had sent it up to Congress; and that the War Department had ordered three million trench bombs, with a complete outfit of gas masks and grenade throwers. In the face of so much already accomplished, who will say that the quartering of prisoners was not a matter to be forehanded about?

To people who live in Washington much of this information comes as a surprise. They wonder how so much that is important has missed them. They go to Secretary Daniels, and ask if it is possible to indicate in any general way the nature of the arrangements for naval coöperation—and he denies (April 9th) that such arrangements have been made. They go to the Army censor—Major McArthur—and inquire whether the censorship bill as drafted by the War Department follows the outlines of the British act—and are told (April 12th) that the War Department has drafted no censorship bill, and has at present no intention of drafting one. They go to the military committee at the Capitol, in search of the bill which raises a new army and which, on April 6th, the General Staff was about to submit to Congress—and they find, as late as April 16th, that no such bill has yet been introduced. Of the trench bombs and the outfit of gas masks they can not learn so authoritatively. They are matters of military detail, and not open for discussion on a wide scale. Sceptics can only note that

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at the time their purchase was announced the Army Appropriation bill had not been passed, and that government departments, even in critical periods, do not buy on credit.

This tendency on the part of many newspapers to overplay the news is the result, of course, of the competition which forces a reporter to assume that when something seems almost certain to happen it has as good as happened. If it did nothing more than occasionally nettle first-hand observers, there would be no reason for concern in the matter. Unfortunately the effect is much wider. The policy of giving the impression, not that a thing has been thought of, but that it is nearly consummated, may actually jeopardize the success of American participation in the war. For, no matter how sincerely in accord with the President's address, or how firmly convinced that this must be a war for ultimate liberal principles, the average man requires that when his country is at war there be something happening to keep his interest alive. It need not be adventure but it must be progress. To go through a period of at least six months in which American participation must almost certainly be limited to food and shoes, drilling and crops, loans and wooden ships, will be a tax on the most philosophical patience. But to treat an undramatic situation so that it also becomes an anticlimax is shortsighted in the extreme. Slowly developing plans and preparations are to be the only signs of activity through a period that will be unusually trying. Yet the impression is being given that plans are complete and preparations speeding. It is actually difficult, at this early point, to imagine a form of coöperation or a branch of participation in which the government has not been announced as having a definite policy and being on the way to its achievement. Remarkable ingenuity will be needed, if the present program is followed much longer, for the newspapers to keep from repeating themselves. And when they do—what will happen? The administration will be accused of dallying. People will ask why nothing has been happening since the first few weeks of activity. Unintelligent criticism will be made of executive heads and their methods. Charges of incompetency, demands for resignation, recriminations—all these will be seasonable. Useful men and valuable groups will be estranged.

If it seems regrettable that one phase of the conditions in Washington should be overplayed, it is equally unfortunate, for a proper understanding of the situation, that another phase should be almost wholly ignored. There is much discussion of the daily activities of the War Department and the Council of National Defense, but little of the ordinary difficulties that hamper them. One of these is the commonplace matter of interruption. The offices of the Council, spread out through the Munsey Building so as to be particularly accessible, are constantly filled with volunteers who have come, patriotically, but often importunately, to put their services at the disposal of the government. Through much of the day, busy officials listen to the protestations of one volunteer after another that in thus offering himself to his country he has no ulterior motives. Amateur plans for conserving food, for destroying submarines, for taking censuses, for standardizing bolts, for utilizing vacant lots—earnest but inescapable conversations that prevent the members of the Council from progressing as the press informs them they have progressed. Quite as discouraging to accomplishment are the conditions in the War Department. If a newspaper correspondent were not constrained to develop a cheerier outlook than his competitor, he might not follow the set lines of reporting. He might not write: "It was learned in high administration circles tonight that the Secretary of War devoted the day to a series of conferences with members of Congress, who came to discuss the issues of the war." Instead he might say: "The Secretary of War, by working sixteen hours, devoted as much of the day as was possible to the issues of the war, and the rest to a series of conversations with members of Congress who came to urge the appointment of their sons, uncles and nephews to positions of importance in the war organization." As a general statement, that would be nearer the truth. An observer sat in the outer office of the Secretary of War from nine in the morning until noon, last Wednesday, and in that interval a line of thirty-four Congressmen filed past him into the inner office. With perhaps one or two exceptions, these men did not come to confer with the Secretary on any issue of the war; conferences for such purposes are being held in the committee rooms at the Capitol. They came because they wanted to urge Lexington, Ohio, or Huron, Missouri, as a mobilization point that would excite great local enthusiasm; or to seek the Secretary's backing for a proposed half-million-dollar military road; or to argue the availability of some relative who accompanied them, and who was usually convinced that he could do his best work in the censorship department. At one time there were so many Senators waiting on the benches that Senator Chamberlain, entering genially, demanded whether "there was a quorum present." And these men, who will be perhaps the first to cavil if there is time wasted in the country's mobilization, filed in to interrupt the Secretary of War—not because he desired in each instance to consult them—but because a congressman claims it his special privilege to see a Cabinet officer when he chooses, and to offend him would be to alienate support from

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this war for the establishment of liberal principles that we are about to wage.

It would be an excellent thing if people in various parts of the country could realize that government officials are not different from individual business men in being subject to interruptions, held back by a code of procedure, and dependent upon many circumstances over which they have no control. In the crisis that comes to every war organization it will be desirable to have as general a realization as possible that what was heralded as accomplished, in the early weeks of the war, may not even have been conceived. Progress is being made, but it is rather progress towards progress. Those people who are casting about for a way to aid their country will perform one definite service if they will keep a sensible view of the size of the task ahead.

Rational Use of Our Shipping

ONE of the important issues to be decided in the conferences between the British War Commission and our government is the application of our existing tonnage in such manner as best to meet the general need. Our ocean-going tonnage, although small in volume as compared with that of Great Britain, is by no means negligible. At the end of 1916 we had over 2,000,000 tons registered for the foreign trade, and in spite of submarine losses, we have a considerably larger tonnage afloat to-day. Besides, we have a number of vessels in the coastwise trade that would quite satisfactorily meet the requirements of transoceanic freighting. Very little of our shipping is now employed in the North Atlantic trade. In 1916 American vessels represented only six per cent of the clearances for Europe. The bulk of our ocean-going tonnage has been employed in trading to the West Indies, Latin America and Asia.

In making common cause with the Entente Allies, we assume joint responsibility for keeping the North Atlantic trade adequately supplied with tonnage, no matter what the submarine losses may be. It no longer becomes us to hug the western shores of the Atlantic or to seek safety in the Pacific while British, French and Italian ships run all the risk of the seas infested with submarines and floating mines. Some of our shipping would be withdrawn from other trades to relieve the strain upon our Allies, at least until our Shipping Board has begun to launch its wooden ships. But we have no right to yield to a generous impulse and sweep all our shipping into the North Atlantic trade. We must avoid a disorganization of our import of materials of industry from South America. We must also avoid unnecessary dislocation of commercial connections that will be of extreme value to us after the war. It is worth bearing in mind that the British themselves are not altogether sacrificing their remote commercial connections to the immediate need of supplying their home population. British ships are still plying to all the ports of the world not closed by the war. No more dislocation of commerce is permitted than is absolutely necessary. British shipping, as is natural and right, gives preference to British freights. In view of this fact, however, our commerce with neutral states ought not to be wholly deprived of ships flying our own flag.

In the conferences to be held between our government and the British, it is to be hoped that the whole ocean shipping situation of the world will be subjected to a thorough survey. It is for statesmanship to decide what sacrifices of shipping should be made to the common cause, but statesmanship will be more secure in its action if it has availed itself of all information in the possession of our ocean shipping experts. We need to know precisely what ships we have that are suitable for the hazardous North Atlantic trade, and what ships we can best withdraw from their present routes. We ought to estimate carefully the amount of shipping we shall need for admiralty purposes, and to assure ourselves that we are not handicapping ourselves too severely by risking and losing tonnage in the North Atlantic. We ought to make sure that we are not assuming an undue burden of commercial dislocation. What our Allies have a right to expect of us is that we should be ready to pool issues with them in ocean transportation, assuming our fair share but not more than our fair share of the losses and inconvenience attendant upon the common enterprise of war.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1917, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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Russia and the Settlement

THE Russian revolution is an event so immense and auspicious that it may seem to be a pettiness to discuss its reaction on the war and the settlement. It dwarfs the war itself. Nothing which can happen to Turkey or the German colonies touches it in importance. While they dreamed of adjusting frontiers, liberating provinces, and apportioning spheres of influence, the peoples of the Entente have conquered in a week the vastest empire in the world. Russia has been annexed to the domain of western liberty and culture: the realm of "Atlantic civilization" has gained 170,000,000 citizens. The war has attained its maximum result, and the rest may well seem trivial. It is possible henceforward to think of Europe as a continent which in its ideals and institutions approaches the unity of North America. The worst of the moral obstacles to an international society is gone, and few of us suppose that the "new orientation" in Germany can in time and scope lag far behind the change in Russia.

The imagination of European liberals, stimulated by an inspiring spectacle, runs eagerly forward to anticipate its remoter consequences, and the background of our visionary landscape is clearer to most of us than the middle distance. Our mood resembles that of the good Dr. Price when he preached in 1789 to the English reformers on the French revolution:

> I have lived to see thirty millions of people indignant and resolute, spurning at slavery and demanding liberty with an irresistible voice, their king led in triumph and an arbitrary monarch surrendering himself to his subjects. And now methinks I see the ardor for liberty catching and spreading, a general amendment beginning in human affairs: the dominion of kings changed for the dominion of laws and the dominion of priests giving way to the dominion of reason and conscience.

That prophecy was the prelude to an interminable war, and the restoration of the European reaction under the Holy Alliance. We must consent to explore the middle distance if we are to avoid a like deception.

Some of our haunting nightmares have vanished for ever. There can now be no separate peace concluded behind the backs of the peoples, between Prussian Junkers and the Russian bureaucracy. There can be no menacing coalition, after that separate peace, between the two eastern empires for the domination of the world. Nor is it likely that the revolution will involve any slackening in the Russian military effort. On the contrary, we count on seeing more resolute armies, better organizations in the rear, and closer coördination between western and eastern fronts. One shadowed aspect of the future settlement has been lightened: We are no longer obliged to reflect that any change which aggrandizes Russia will add to the forces and territories of a despotism. These forebodings are gone. The questions which remain are these: Can the Russian revolution itself survive the complicated strain of a protracted war? Is it within any human capacity, stretched though it may be by the exaltation of this new age, to conduct at once a colossal war and an internal transformation? Can Russia fight on indefinitely for the old avowed ends, the annexation of Constantinople and the dismemberment of Austria, and yet retain leisure and fervor for the gigantic task of reconstructing her own empire? And finally, may not the realization of these two ends after the prolongation of the war which they must entail, complicate and imperil the still greater task of creating a League of Nations?

It is well to realize that these two purposes, and especially the annexation of Constantinople, were firmly planted in the will of liberal Russia during the early phases of the war, and even before the war. As things stood on the eve of the revolution, the Russian reaction was much more likely to compromise on the neutralization of the Turkish Straits and the creation of an independent Poland, than Russian liberalism. The generalization which is roughly true everywhere else in Europe that the party of internal progress is moderate in its foreign policy, and the party of internal reaction extreme in its foreign ambitions, did not hold in Russia. It is easy to understand why the reaction was moderate. It dreaded the consequences at home of a long and close association between Russia and the democracies of the west; it looked for future expansion to a Russo-German partnership; it was deflected by the personal influences which centered in the little clique round the ex-Tsaritsa. The reasons which made the Russian Cadets extreme in their imperial ambitions are more difficult to analyze. The fact is indisputable, and one might have remarked it, even before this war.

No liberal Englishman or Frenchman of the intellectual eminence of Professor Miliukoff has advanced a program so large as his. There is nowhere in office to-day in Europe a mind which surpasses or even equals his in power, in scope, and in encyclopaedic knowledge. A notable historian, a persuasive and lucid writer, a brilliant linguist, a

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skilled musician, a learned archaeologist, an indefatigable worker, he has with these many gifts a massive honesty of mind which faces facts and sees realities. He has the two kinds of courage which are equally indispensable in a revolution: the courage to oppose "dark forces" defiantly and without flinching, and the courage to compromise when unity demands it. His extreme program for eastern Europe rests on long and intimate study, wide travel, and a mastery of several of its multitudinous languages. One does not lightly dismiss as "extreme" the opinions of a mind so sagacious and so formidably equipped. Nonetheless Professor Miliukoff stands, or stood the other day, for "la victoire intégrale" of the bitter-enders.

Shortly before the revolution he published his terms. He would conquer all the Polish lands of Germany and Austria, and unite them under the Russian flag, endowing them not with independence, but with a moderate form of provincial autonomy. He would dismember Austria-Hungary completely, creating an independent Bohemia (with Slovakia), a great South Slav state, and an enlarged Rumania. He would even connect his isolated and landlocked Bohemia with Great Serbia, by means of a "corridor" 200 kilometers long and 100 kilometers broad, running through country which is racially German. He would annex outright to Russia Constantinople and the neighboring territory, the Ruthene portions of Galicia, and (as a protectorate) the Armenian provinces of Turkey. Demanding much for Russia, he is equally generous to her allies. He would restore all Alsace-Lorraine to France, aggrandize Italy, partition all Turkey among the Allies, and give the German colonies to Britain and France. His is, in short, the maximum program of conquest. Only a small part of it can be defended on the principle of nationality. In Poland and in Turkey it is imperialism. It means the protraction of the war by some years, and I need not labor the argument that it would also mean the fostering in the vanquished of a mood which would prevent the creation of any League of Nations.

How came the Russian liberals to embrace a program so extreme as this? They may have come to it largely by way of opposition to their pro-German reactionaries. The almost inevitable answer to a clique which stood before the war for a rapprochement with Germany, and during the war for a separate peace and a break with the west, was to draft a set of war-aims which must dig an impassable gulf, now and for long years, between Russia and Germany. That reason is so clear, that we need hardly seek another. This program, in short, was an elaborate war cry composed to rout the Stürmers and the Protopopoffs. Opposition to the pro-Germans in Russia involved the utmost possible hostility to the Germans beyond Russia. There was another equally potent reason, which also had its origin in the internal politics of Russia. From the early months of the war down to the eve of the revolution, the prime aim of the Cadets was to achieve internal national unity. They succeeded by a series of honest compromises in rallying all the divers party groups of the Duma, excluding only the extreme Right and Left, in a single *bloc* with two rallying cries—the effective prosecution of the war and the demand for a popular ministry. Their problem was not what it had been in 1906, to unite the Russian democracy. It was to unite a highly unrepresentative parliament, based on a doctored franchise, in which the conservative groups predominated. The only chance of achieving political unity against the bureaucracy was to create patriotic unity, and this meant that the moderate Left must yield to the moderate Right in foreign policy, in order to secure its support in home policy.

It is also probable that in the course of ten years some change has occurred in the constituency to which the Cadets themselves appeal. They were the radicals of 1906, but in those days there was direct manhood suffrage in Russia. Since M. Stolypin's coup d'état of 1907, they have had to do their best with an electorate constructed on the indirect class basis of the Prussian model. It was natural that they should have become more cautious and less radical in the effort to maintain themselves in these difficult electioneering conditions. Both reasons drove them to take account especially of the opinions and ambitions of the Russian middle class.

It used to be said that there was no middle class in Russia. It is in fact a growth of the last generation, and it has grown above all since the Japanese war. The number of merchants, capitalists and bankers whose fortunes depend directly on the new industrial development of Russia is still small in comparison with that of more advanced European countries, but it has increased very rapidly, and its political power was exaggerated many times over, as it is also in Prussia, by the reactionary franchise. This new industrialist middle class saw in the war the means of "liberating" itself, as the phrase runs, from German competition. Apart from nationalist sentiment, it saw in a program of imperial expansion a means of increasing its market. This anti-German tendency was strong and vocal even before the war, and it was concentrated chiefly in a demand which even in 1914 had begun to overshadow diplomacy, for the revision of the Russo-German tariff. These tendencies are especially strong in Moscow, the home at once of the Russian cotton industry and

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of Russian liberalism. They were expressed by the constitutional Conservatives (Octobrists), and the Liberal Cadets could not ignore them. The clue to the position of the Cadets up till the revolution, was that this advanced party, by temperament and conviction radical, was forced by its situation to compromise with the Right.

The revolution has changed all this. The Cadets must still compromise. That is their political function. But they must now compromise with the Left. The overwhelming importance of the Russian industrialist middle class came to an end when the workmen and soldiers of Petrograd destroyed the autocracy. With universal suffrage it will never be the same again. Its wealth, its press, its ability will still count. But in the future it will be a mere fraction of the voting power of an immense peasant democracy. The rôle of the Cadets is now to steer a middle, but very advanced, course between the Socialists on the one hand, and the Conservatives on the other. They can afford, if they must choose, to oppose the Conservatives, but their future is clouded if they break with the "possibilist" Socialists and the peasant labor groups.

We know as yet comparatively little of the real uncensored opinions of the Russian Socialists. Most of them cherish an international ideal, though many of them whole-heartedly supported the war. One frank and decided opinion has, however, already been expressed. It comes from Kerensky, a lawyer and a labor leader, who is with Prince Lvoff, Professor Miliukoff and M. Gutchkoff, one of four leading members of the Provisional Government. What M. Kerensky says may be taken as a moderate translation into statesmanlike language of the real opinions of the revolutionary masses. In an interview with the able correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle, he has said that his idea of Russia's war aims may be summed up in the neutralization of the Turkish Straits, the independence of Poland, and the liberation of Armenia under Russian protection. There the mind of progressive Russia speaks with the moderation which we should expect of it, and comes into line with the opinion of advanced liberalism in the west. Behind this reasonable and liberal program, free from any taint of conquest or imperialism, we may infer the opinion that advanced Russians who are passionately anxious to complete the revolution and found the new Russia on a stable basis will not wish to prolong the war indefinitely in order to realize the wide margin between the programs of Professor Miliukoff and M. Kerensky. One may indeed conjecture that Professor Miliukoff himself may see the problem of the settlement from a new angle. The pro-Germans are eliminated: there is no need now for an exaggerated antithesis to their position. The nationalist Conservatives are no longer all-important. The constituency which arbitrates is now a broad democracy.

Above all, the peril of attempting to build the city of the future with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other must be clear to all far-seeing patriots. A stable, enduring and honorable peace —that is indispensable. But to pursue a dream of conquest might be to compromise the foundation of liberty at home. A free Russia, if this reasoning be sound, means a better peace and a shorter war.

H. N. Brailsford.

London.

Experimental Education

At a time when more people are thinking intelligently about American education than ever before, it is unfortunate that there should be any confusion between the widely diverse trails that experimentation is opening up to the modern school. It is becoming increasingly evident that the "experimental" in education does not at all mean the same thing to educational administrators that it does to educational idealists. "Experimental education" has not yet been pitted in competition against the "experimental school," but it is not unlikely that the different techniques which they suggest may come to seem hostile to each other, and so the real values of both be lost. At present the two seem to be developing in a fairly complete disregard of each other. It would be dangerous for American education to tangle itself in the dilemma of choosing between them. On the other hand, it would be even more disastrous to confuse them. If we attempt to apply the quantitative standards of the new "experimental education" to the life of the "experimental school," or to infuse the qualitative ideals of the "experimental school" into the technique of "experimental education," we run the risk of spoiling that modern and socially adjusted school towards which we are all feeling our way.

When the inventive school superintendent or professor of education speaks of "experimental education," he is thinking, not of the "model school," but of the new standard tests in the fundamental subjects by which the work of large masses of public school children is being regularly measured and compared. The city school survey has elaborated a technique of intellectual measurements which is giving us very rapidly a genuine quantitative science of education. A report like Professor Judd's in the Cleveland Survey—Measuring the Work of the Public Schools—

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is a storehouse of suggestiveness for all who like to see how mathematics can be fruitfully applied to living. These statistical studies measure accurately the performance of children in the different grades and at different ages in the specific literate skills which everybody needs even to start fairly in the race of opportunity. The standard tests have been worked out with great numbers of school-children so that average forms of accomplishment can be set for any class or any individual. Rates of speed and quality of handwriting, and their relation to each other; ability to spell common words; rate and capacity of accurate figuring; rate and quality of silent and oral reading—these are the aptitudes that are rigidly measured by the tests. The children are treated as segregated arithmetical minds, reading minds, spelling minds, as units of intellectual behavior. The tests are not "examinations," for they do not aim to show any absolute attainment of "knowledge." Their value is in the comparison they afford of individual skill, and of deviations from a norm of effectiveness. In the mass of scores you have an intellectual relief map of your class, your school, your city system.

Now nothing could apparently be more deadly and mechanical than this treating of living children as if they were narrowly isolated minds. In this "experimental education" we are evidently in another world from the "experimental school." Yet out of these tests emerge the most important implications for modern education. Out of this "experimental education" we at least get a scientific basis for the "modern school." For we have irrefutable proof of the enormous diversity of minds and aptitudes. We have a demonstration of the utter foolishness of subjecting children to a uniform educational process. We have accurate proof of the fallacy of the "average" in education. These tests are added proof of the unscientific character of the typical public school on that very technical and administrative side which has been most carefully developed. The graded school was a brilliant invention for its time, but the bases of classification are shown by these new tests to be absurd. Children are now classified, for purposes of education, largely by age and average standing. The tests show that neither category has the slightest relevance for effective learning. We classify things for the purpose of doing something to them. Any classification which does not assist manipulation is worse than useless. But mere numerical age is no clue whatsoever to mental or even physiological age, and minds with the same average may plot out very differently for every individual one of the various skills and interests that elementary training involves. Our educational grading has been as sentimental and sterile as the ancient philosophers' classification of matter into earth, water, fire, air. Such a conception of the world was interesting, but there was nothing you could do with it. All the school has done with its classifying has been to get the children into groups where they could be dosed with an orderly sequence of lessons. There has been no handle by which their heterogeneous minds and wills could be taken hold of and directed. The rule of the classroom is necessarily military, because such diverse people could only be unified in the most objective and external and coercive way. No internal control would be possible. So the teacher must devote a large part of her educational energy to the mere business of policing. When she actually "taught," it was only the average child that she could really address—the fairly bright mediocrity—the other pupils wasted their time almost in direct proportion to their deviation above or below that average. Children passed up through their educational life on the basis of an "average mark," which represented nothing whatever but a number. The standard tests have shown repeatedly that ability is so unevenly distributed that the brightest four-year children overlap the poorest eight-year children. However children may average, scarcely two children in the same class will ever be found to have the identical capacity in the different subjects. The tests reveal not only that children differ, but just how curiously and widely they do differ.

The traditional classification is enough to wreck any educational system, even without the deadness of the curriculum. With the progressive congestion of the public schools, teaching has become more and more impossible. The traditional system of grading has successfully resisted most improvement in teaching, and vitiated the newer values that have been brought into the school. If children, clearly not defective, cannot learn arithmetic, read slowly and unintelligently, spell chaotically and write a slovenly hand, question the grading system. Never have there been such admirable techniques for teaching these fundamental things. But the classification defies them. The "class" gives the teacher no leverage for improving the children's skill. An unscientific grading is as much a barrier to altering minds as it is to changing materials.

These truths seem elementary and obvious, yet we had to wait for this "experimental education" to shake complacency in the "graded school." Now if we accept these tests we have to conclude that it is useless to grade children for education unless those "grades" correspond accurately and specifically to the capacities of the children. Work

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must be done in each specific subject with—and only with—those who have approximately the same capacity. The "average" is totally unknown in that "real life" which we are constantly forced to set up in antithesis to the school. In no function of life is any one going to be judged by a composite ability to read, write, spell, figure. One succeeds not through any average skill or average information, but through the ability to throw all one's skill and all one's intelligence where it is demanded. A measurement of intelligence by averages will always produce just that ineffectiveness and vagueness for which the products of the public school are censured at present.

The fallacy of the educational "average" involves another fallacy, equally obvious but equally prevalent. This is the fallacy of the "partially perfect." The school ranks the seventy per cent child equal to the hundred per cent child. Children pass to more difficult work on an admitted basis of imperfect accomplishment. But for any real effectiveness in the world it is not enough to be habitually only seventy per cent right. Whenever you need to be literate, the world demands that you be actually literate. If you have information, you are either useless or dangerous unless your information is accurate. It is better not to know arithmetic at all than persistently to make only seven hits out of ten. For all practical purposes your child is as much a failure at seventy per cent as he is at zero per cent. It will avail him little to be able to read and write and figure at a rate and an excellence only seventy per cent of the standard. In any situation which requires these elementary skills he will be almost as much handicapped as if he were entirely illiterate. It is time that the school faced the bitter truth that life demands an approximate perfection in whatever one tries to do. Education must shape all its technique towards this approximate perfection. It is not necessary that all should do the same thing. But it is necessary that what one pretends to do one should succeed gradually in doing. The individual who is allowed to persist continuously on a level of imperfect accomplishment is not being educated. For him education is a failure. He should either drop his technique, or ways should be found to improve him towards mastery. What children are learning at any one time they should be learning with a sense of control. The more difficult should not be confronted till the less difficult has been absorbed. And this controlled progress will be possible only in a school where children work with their equals. Classification should be based only on specific proficiency.

The new "experimental education" is engaged in making dramatic in the schools these truths. It is a force even more revolutionary than the idealism of the "experimental school." The situation suggested by the "curve of distribution" is one of the most momentous facts to be reckoned with by us of to-day. It is making over our theories of democracy, social reform and social progress. To work out its manifold implications in the school is to touch the very nerve of our democratic future.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Neglected Causes of Fatigue

WHEN the miracle of the Marne had happened, and the long horrible line of locked trenches from the sea to Switzerland had begun to straighten itself out into that band of steel and mud we have already known for two years, the cry went up in England for shells and still more shells. During the first few months there was always the haunting fear that the band would snap and let the gray flood flow through—now at Ypres, now on the Yser, now near the sands of Flanders. Almost over-night England had to create the new industry of munition-making. The few who had the necessary technical skill and the many who in their rediscovered patriotism wanted so passionately to acquire it flung themselves into the work with a fervor that not even their high exalted spirit could save from tiring and wracking their bodies. The Belgian treaty was not the only "scrap of paper"; all the hard-won international agreements on the prohibition of night-work for women in factories were disregarded in the quick huddling back to the herd's self-protecting instincts. A cold-blooded observer would say that never in England's history had the general social aura, which envelops all labor, been so direct and powerful a stimulus to intensified production. The whole psychological background of the munition-worker was in the highest degree favorable to the most extreme "speeding-up" processes. Everyone felt himself a partner in a great and perilous coöperative adventure.

But as the months went on and the nation realized that the war was perhaps a matter of terrible years, England awoke, gradually as was then her fashion, to the fact that mere mushroom production would not do. There was a noticeable slackening in product due to fatigue of the workers, followed by the Northcliffe agitation about

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shell-shortage which culminated in Lloyd George's new portfolio; there were mutterings of discontent in Wales when resentment rose high against those who wished to exploit the war merely for their own pocketbooks. The authorities felt that there must be a return to fundamentals. Any scheme of long-range production which used up the worker to the limit of his immediate nervous and physical capacity was obviously a failure. In her then most vital industry England had discovered that you cannot long play tricks with nature; the spur of patriotism had to be supported by basic good health, if the necessary enormous number of shells was to be steadily forthcoming. So two commissions were instituted—one headed by Sir George Newman and the other by Professor A. F. Stanley Kent—to inquire into the health of munition workers. These reports have recently been published and brought to this country, and they make out an irresistible case for those who say that not only industrial decency but also the sheer commonsense of efficiency demand the eight-hour day, "rest-periods," factory ventilation, tolerable living conditions at home—all the essential things for which reformers have fought since the establishment of the Great Industry. In a striking manner they reaffirm practically all the contentions of such patient investigators as Miss Josephine Goldmark and other students of the still difficult problems of fatigue and efficiency. In fact, the case for bodily health and what might be called psychical interest in the work itself—either through variation, arousing a sense of rhythm, or some encouragement of the sense of craftsmanship—may be considered to be definitely decided. A society which tolerates anything less than a certain minimum of health and interest cannot long compete with a society which is too far-sighted to be ruthless. On its intellectual side at least, the fight for these fundamentals is won. Even when at war a nation cannot afford to neglect them.

Yet a perfunctory reading of these reports leaves one with an almost intolerable sense of barrenness. Superficially, they seem only to prove what has long been obvious to commonsense. Many of the really essential factors in fatigue—the incalculable and intangible—are left wholly out of account. The English workers' strongest incentive towards increased production, the patriotic impulse, is only lightly touched upon. Sir George Newman and Professor Kent seem wholly and unrealistically preoccupied with the question of mere health. However, by stressing for ourselves the tremendous unspoken importance of the patriotic impulse the reports become illuminated with a new significance. One clear lesson then emerges.

The lesson is that from the point of view of industrial efficiency, the basic essentials of the workers' health and interest are just so many preliminaries to the chief problems. When these are won there remain other as essential, if not more essential, secondary factors—subtler and to a certain degree incalculable. If they exercised only a controlling influence over the individual worker's happiness, one might dismiss them as so much sentimental irrelevance. But they have a direct and important effect on production itself. They have the social importance of factors which give a steady hastening or slackening to the creation of wealth. They emerge from that more indirect yet all-pervasive economic and social background which makes up the whole drift of the worker's interest and energy. In a word, they cluster around the reality expressed by a phrase which has usually been but the sterile lip-worship of reactionaries, the dignity of labor. Even with an eight-hour day and a reasonable human sense of accomplishment in the work itself, even with the pride of craftsmanship, positive physiological fatigue will result from the pressure of outside considerations. Scientific management in a shop or factory may eliminate every waste movement and calculate to a nicety the necessary period for recuperation needed by the human body, yet never examine the ultimately determining factors making for inefficiency. What are some of these factors?

First of all is the hostility of labor to scientific management itself. In spite of repeated warnings scientific managers persist in the Taylor tradition. Content with a discredited economic theory of the perfect adjustment of wages from a free interplay of supply and demand, they continue to regard workers as mere factors in production, precisely as one would regard lubricating oil. "The problem of scientific industrial management, dealing as it must with the human machine, is fundamentally a problem in industrial fatigue," says one of Sir George Newman's reports. Now it is not the truth or falsity of such a generalization which arouses labor's hostility, it is the tone; and only the stress of war prevents the expression by English trade unionism of sharp disagreement. Furthermore, scientific management is always to be imposed from the top and controlled from the top. Scientific managers fail to see any importance in workers being members of the state, with the duties and privileges due them as citizens. It is forgotten that we are all common members in an organized body that is supposed to include, on an equal level, both the workers and those who are so solicitous of their reaching the highest point of efficiency consistent with health. "Collective bargaining" is a phrase still to cause the lifting of eyebrows. Yet only democratic control of

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scientific management will in the long-run sense make it successful. Without the leavening of self-respect which comes from a sense of coöperation labor's instinctive prejudices will be focused and its unreasonable hostilities intensified. Even the narrowest of employers who thought only of getting the most from his tactical economic position might consider whether or not this kind of vague, ill defined but all-enshrouding antagonism conduces to efficiency. The temper of latent hostility is hardly the temper of rapid production. To discover some working agreement between democracy and science is not easy, but this English experience sharply reveals to us that we cannot afford to flinch before the problem just because it is difficult.

Another incalculable factor of inefficiency has been a similar hostility of labor towards science in general. Traditionally, science has meant machines, and machines have meant a kind of competition which has always resulted in the ultimate defeat of the worker—unemployment. Science has meant something dehumanized, impersonal and cruel, a blind force indifferent to human wishes or desires, something to be fought in the dark. Sabotage and "ca-canny" have not always sprung from a sharply formulated theory about exploitation. They have sprung from some deep human protective instinct against the encroachments of an overshadowing, devitalized method of production. Yet it is probably true, as Miss Goldmark believes, that this feeling is mere sentiment which will disappear with education. The nub is economic. "It has happened," runs a frank passage in one of Sir George Newman's reports, "that, rightly or wrongly, a suspicion has grown up among workers that any device for increasing output will be used for the profit of the employer rather than for the increased health or comfort of the workers." Of course we are here thrown back to a survey of the whole complex problem of the distribution of wealth, and it is worth observing that mere bonuses for invention are a very superficial approach. The relevancy of large-scale agitation and ambitious reform to actual physiological fatigue is clear.

But perhaps the greatest factor making directly for fatigue and lassitude is the sense of economic insecurity. Here, too, we learn from the English munition workers who were proud in their knowledge that what they did was precious, and that no reasonable effort would, in all human probability, result in irresponsible discharge. That was a fine lever of efficiency. For nothing is so terrible as the feeling of the mere fortuitousness of employment, the consciousness that general industrial conditions—especially those in the seasonal trades—inevitably produce periods of slackness and consequent failure to get a job. Even the shortest of working days will not stimulate the worker to efficient production when this haunting fear is on him. He is inwardly distressed and worried. Attention will wander; accidents will take place for no apparent reason; there will be fumbling and muddle. Nor, to a sensitive man, is there anything more rasping than to be told by all the powers of convention and church and press that thrift and industry invariably result in financial security and success, when he knows the bitter chancy quality of all employment. Perhaps the most neglected of the humanizing functions of the trade union has been just this making articulate of common grievances. And the impatience of labor at social insurance bespeaks a commendable spirit. Labor when it becomes self-conscious prefers to look after itself. It hates charity as it does the devil. Here once more we can see the value of arousing a vivid interest in citizenship. Because as soon as it is recognized that the stabilizing of employment is as much a social matter as the proper control of public utilities, these reforms become the legitimate concern of all citizens of the state. In England they feel that to-day; in time, if being an American is ever to mean having an economic stake in America, even the objections of Mr. Gompers will vanish. It is a tragic paradox that the loyalties of workers to the aids and realities of their own organizations and class have no counterpart in their loyalty to that vague and sentimental entity called the country. Until that has been rectified we shall pay a heavy price in industrial inefficiency for the privilege of "hard times" and their inevitable employment insecurity.

A final factor of inefficiency centers around what Graham Wallas might call the disorganization of happiness, the lack of any direct relation between work and enjoyment. Happiness, to the average low-paid worker, means a transient snatch at the unattainable. When some of the girls in the New York Dress and Waist-Makers' Union built their own vacation camp in the Adirondacks from funds from the organization, their labor took on a new dignity and meaning. They became "like other people"; false class barriers disappeared. The increased impulse towards efficiency would have astonished the scientific manager to whom restful lunch rooms and perhaps a cup of hot tea in the afternoon are the extremes of far-sightedness. But the vagueness of this factor of inefficiency cannot mitigate its importance. What is called "social welfare" work in shops often defeats its own ends. It is resented as patronizing. Like the control of scientific management, the organization of happiness must be from within. There must be established some integral relation between the zest and drudgery of industrialism.

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Surveyed singly, these are factors which seem almost obvious. Yet it is exactly the obvious that is most in danger of being forgotten. Investigators of the intricacies of modern production are usually classic instances of those who cannot see the forest because of the trees. We may be forced to conclude that a certain degree of machine monotony in twentieth century civilization is inevitable. Although its dreariest extremes are being proved unprofitable, specialization seems to have come to stay. The job as a task will probably never be wholly supplanted by the job as an aesthetic delight, for all our straining and effort. Even when our fight for the essential decencies of life has been won there will remain an irreducible minimum of staleness and fatigue. And here emerges the double advantage of generous help and encouragement for removing these more general factors of inefficiency, commensurate with their importance. In an atmosphere free of hostility and resentment, the most rigid of hard labor is set in a new environment. There is a whole new accent and approach. The detailed, scientific student is justified by the wider theorist; the genius of the generalizer and statesman is made more fertile by the results of the careful experimentalist. Both types of liberal can then together erect a new stage-setting for the eternal drama of labor.

HAROLD STEARNS.

A New French Theatre

THERE are significant signs of a desire on the part of France to effect a rapprochement with all that is most living and most pragmatic in America. Not only business, but literature, philosophy, and drama have been lately represented on our shores by French envoys whom progressive Americans can meet on terms of quick understanding and sympathy. Such an ambassador is M. Jacques Copeau, who has been lecturing in New York on the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier. From the moment he first came to us he began to kindle the flame of our own smouldering hopes and ideals. It is natural enough that stars like Mme. Simone and the indomitable Sarah, plays like The Thief and Chantecler, should in the past have been greeted on Broadway and Fifth Avenue as the highest exponents of the French dramatic art. It is natural enough—since they dazzled even Paris—that the brilliance, the sophistication, the virtuosity, the finish of the French conventional stage should have taken us in. But we were ripe for conversion. And in sending M. Copeau, a modern, a radical reformer from the *rive gauche,* instead of some manager from the glittering boulevards, or some actor of the classic and Conservatoire tradition, France herself admits a change of heart that promises well for the future of what is perhaps the greatest of her arts.

In October, 1913, the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier was opened in a quaint old street in the Latin Quarter under the direction and inspiration of M. Copeau. It was the first regular non-commercial theatre of Paris—undertaking to play every night and to present an exclusively artistic program. It seated only three hundred people. It had no capital but its ideals; no stars, no scenery but a few benches, no public but an "élite," who were also its critical familiars. As for the "great" critics and the "great" public, they scoffed at the audacity which could venture to produce Molière outside of the Comédie Française. The most dismal forecasts were made, but though the director had frequently to sit up all night, though his right-hand man, who performed all sorts of useful functions besides acting, kept the vigils with him, about two hundred and fifty performances, including Molière, Shakespeare, de Musset, Henri Becque, Claudel, and many hitherto unknown authors were given before the end of May. They were of such rare quality and excellence that the critics were altogether won, and Paris ended by quarreling for tickets for an enchanted performance of Twelfth Night. In the early summer of 1914 the company toured in Alsace and in England, and had been asked to go to Switzerland, Germany, and Italy when the war scattered its actors into the trenches.

"Americans often say to me," M. Copeau began one of his talks about this little theatre, "*quelle charmante idée.* It is not a charming idea. It is a creative effort of the utmost seriousness and austerity to which a few devoted men have consecrated nothing less than their lives."

This pregnant phrase expresses a fundamental difference between the Vieux-Colombier and the innumerable other little theatres which, in a revolt from the meretricious, the theatrical, the commercial, have recently multiplied over the face of the globe. These are mostly casual growths, about which clings a sickish odor of amateurishness and aestheticism. The Vieux-Colombier, on the contrary, is presided over by a genius—I use the word advisedly—who is seeking results, not playing with theories; it is moreover the logical development of a standard of dramatic criticism and a creative dramatic sense which had for some years been crystalizing in the most important of the young literary groups of Paris; the group of the Nouvelle Revue Française.

To understand the Vieux-Colombier one must in fact realize that this review has, since 1908,

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been to the present generation of artists and intellectuals very much what the Mercure de France was to the generation of the 'nineties. Here criticism and creation could dwell and fecundate together; here traditional culture was a point of departure, not a check on spontaneity. Jacques Copeau, who had previously made his name as a fearless dramatic critic on the Grande Revue, was editor-in-chief, and the list of collaborators and contributors included André Gide, Verhaeren, Claudel, Vildrac, and many others too little known here. Among them were several men like Copeau, Schlumberger, Duhamel, who wrote plays and had learned from bitter experience the animosity with which new ideas were greeted on the regulation stage, the misrepresentation to which they were subject from the *cabotin*. Antoine was by this time very much as other managers. The Théâtre des Arts and the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre, while they occasionally performed new works of exceptional value, like Copeau's own version of The Brothers Karamazoff, were amateurish and sporadic. The Nouvelle Revue Française accordingly began to dream of a new theatre—a theatre where the classics might be given freshly, where foreign masterpieces might be intelligently and truthfully interpreted, and the works of young French playwrights presented with sympathy.

The dream was realized, as has been said, in 1913-14. What, then, did the Vieux-Colombier stand for in the modern dramatic movement? In a word, for renovation. To Copeau—and here he takes issue with Reinhardt and the school of moderns who set great store by scenic effects—the problem is an internal one. He has no sympathy with the complicated eclecticism, the literary and aesthetic curiosity which would on the one hand seek the "unusual," on the other "reconstruct" the past. A determination to simplify, to solidify, to renew the theatre from its foundations is his driving force. "To save the theatre it must be destroyed; may all the actors and actresses die of the plague, they make art impossible"—this saying of Duse's he quotes with relish. Realism has gone as far as it can; the elaboration and mechanization of the mise-en-scène and the virtuosity of the actor have combined to distract us. We have got the habit of going to the theatre to see effects or stars, not dramas. Yet the play, in all the great periods of dramatic art, has been supreme. "There is only one theatre in a thousand forms. In interpreting Ibsen, Chekhov, Shaw, Aeschylus, Shakespeare, we pursue the same end: to translate the soul of the drama by an appropriate play of action. All the rest is deformation and bluff."

To restore the importance of the drama Copeau's method is elimination; elimination of the vain and artificial personality of the actor, suppression of the *décor*, of the very idea of a setting. Action, he says, is the essence of the art of the theatre, and action is movement. The degree to which the rhythm of this movement is imposed on the actor by the spirit of the piece will determine its significance. He must find its echo in his own heart, and while drawing his whole force thence, subordinate himself to the total effect. "If I stretch a gray cloth on the stage instead of a *décor* it is not because I find it more beautiful, nor above all because I think I have discovered a new and definitive decorative formula. It is a radical remedy, a purgation. It is because I want the stage to be naked and neutral, in order that every delicacy may appear there, in order that every fault may stand out; in order that the dramatic work may have a chance in this neutral atmosphere to fashion that individual garment which it knows how to put on."

The first essentials for the attainment of this ideal of self-abnegating homogeneity were the development of a genuine *confrèrie* of artists, and a dramatic school to train the young. Logically the school should have preceded the company. That would have been Gordon Craig's way. Copeau felt the practical need to "make good" against logic, and gathered about him during the summer before his first season a group of men and women who began at once, living and working together out of doors, to make themselves the artisans of a new tradition. They were not, of course, ideal material, having been already deformed by the profession. What was needed was something like a moral regeneration. A director less disciplined by life and experience, less gifted for both comradeship and authority, could never have imbued them with his spirit. But Copeau takes his art with gravity and passion. He is an *homme du théâtre* of the ancient sort—at once poet, critic, actor, manager, father of his company—and gives forth such a current of magnetic energy that his influence must be either adored or repudiated altogether. As the summer and then the winter of work in common proceeded with ever increasing success and enthusiasm, he could feel not only the justification of his hopes, but the dawning in his troupe of a sort of spontaneous creative force with which he had not reckoned. He had suppressed the personalities, but somehow the artists grew in importance, giving the sense of a power to create their own dramatic action by and through each other, which took him back in thought to the great days of Italian comedy and suggested that the much vaunted "theatre of the future" must follow the line of improvisation.

Copeau's work with children—his own, whom he is always studying, and the children of the school

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which was started in 1915—again confirmed this belief. It was the school which suggested to him to try with too familiar material, like the French classics, the experiment of putting a scenario in the actor's hands, forcing him to develop the rôle from his own consciousness, giving him the text only after he had really created the character. He has studied with great interest the semi-traditional art of clowns, who have so intimate a relation to each other and to the public. He regards as essential to the actor's training all sorts of physical exercises which discipline and liberate the body and whet imagination. But it is from the spontaneous play of children, with its verve, its simplicity, its inventiveness, that he believes most can be learned. The School of the Vieux-Colombier, which can merely be mentioned here, is destined to be the true nursery of the theatre.

M. Copeau disclaims originality. He says that he owes much in the way of stimulus to Gordon Craig, and has been greatly moved by the common breeze of dramatic effort which is now blowing across the world. His strength lies in his refusal to dogmatize, his insistence on achievement as the only test. This test New York will be able to make at her French Theatre next winter, provided M. Copeau can recover the remainder of his *confrèrie* from the trenches. He will enter New York, unfortunately for his art, by the door of the smart public, since this, aside from the relatively small French public, and the equally small intellectual public which has lived in Paris, is the only one that has an easy acquaintance with spoken French. His problem here will, then, be just the opposite of his Paris problem; he must conquer the creative public, the "élite," make them go to hear him, whether or no they can understand, till they do understand. For the fashionable public is fickle, and, in spite of its cultivation, unlikely to know or to care whether the director has stayed up all night to produce perfection. It is our young poets, our writers and painters and dramatists, who will know, and who in going home with quickened hearts to burn their own midnight oil will prove that it was really worth while for the Vieux-Colombier to cross the ocean.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

At the Capitol

THE boldness of the administration in asking that at the very outset a credit of three billion dollars be extended to governments with which few men in Congress have been ready to coöperate was offset by the strategic backing for the request. It came as the first demand upon the hearty protestations that once war was declared it became the duty of every member to stand behind the President. Probably few congressmen anticipated that the first test of publicly standing behind him would be on the question of loaning three billion dollars to Great Britain, France and Russia; but in view of the publicity it had it is not surprising that the bond issue bill passed the House without a vote in opposition. What seems more remarkable is that without the adoption of a special rule the debate lasted only nine hours, and that it disclosed little of the extravagance typical to a congressional discussion. Mr. La Follette (of Washington) proposed that instead of asking Great Britain to pay us back in gold, we take Canada off her hands instead; Mr. Hill wanted to know if the bill expressly forbade the President from loaning money to Turkey, with a view to bringing the war to a speedier conclusion; and Mr. Moore made much out of the argument that "Hasty calculations show that, reduced to dollar bills, placed end to end, the amount herein provided would several times encircle the globe." But such observations as these were exceptional; and even when the debate ran to irrelevancies there was little of the usual aimlessness. It was in one of the less pertinent discussions, however, that Mr. Caraway gave an unimaginative definition of selective conscription: "Selective conscription, as I understand it—of course, the gentleman from Kentucky can set me right if I am wrong—means the right to conscript by selection."

If the debate on the bond issue bill was deficient, it was not so much in being purposeless as in seeming to neglect certain controvertible issues for the sake of others that seemed obvious. Most of the discussion, and the subsequent publicity, centered on the attempt of Mr. Lenroot to secure two alterations in the bill. He desired it to state specifically that loans were to be made only to the Allied governments, and that the power of the administration to extend credit was to last no longer than the war itself. This seemed the obvious intent of the bill, and though Mr. Lenroot's argument was simply that the meaning be cleared, it would have been profitable if more time had been spent over matters where an actual decision was to be made. On such points there was little speculation. The question, for instance, whether the new bonds would be exempt from taxation was dismissed with a phrase. Mr. Kitchin replied to a query by saying, "I never saw a state bond or government bond of this country or of any foreign government that did not have express exemption from taxation."

Thus, so far as the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means was concerned, a primary issue which is at least debatable was established as an *a priori*. In spite of shortcomings such as this, the debate brought out more that was suggestive than a congressional discussion usually produces. In a capable argument Mr. Sherley urged that the bond issue be "immediately followed" by a measure to raise a great proportion of the sum by taxation. Mr. Sherley is not a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, but he is the ranking Democrat on the Appropriations Committee and one of the half-dozen congressmen whose suggestions are ever adopted by anyone except themselves. The position he has taken holds out more promise than has yet been given to those who wish to see the expenses of the war sustained in large part by the present generation.

In the course of the debate one assertion was made again and again which the administration leaders on the floor should not have permitted to go unchallenged. This was the declaration that the most perilous feature of the bond issue was not the risk of extending credit to possibly solvent governments, or the possibility that the burden would be too heavy for this country—but that it was

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dangerous in being an even temporary departure from a policy of political isolation. The general apprehension was expressed most compactly by Mr. Stafford: "I hope that the term of these bonds will be but for a few years. The severance of financial ties between our government and the European Powers can come none too quickly at the close of the war, so that our government will be free to follow untrammeled its historic course of aloofness from European entanglements." Throughout all of the debate this position was taken as an axiom and not a point of argument. It was the premise of most discussions, and uncontested by the recognized administration leaders. If these men even imperfectly understand what the President meant when he said "Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved," they will not in future debates permit the impression to grow that after this war is over the United States is to draw back and boast an indifference to disturbances which, though originating in other parts of the world, may again affect the life of its people.

Aside from the question of the bond issue there is one other tendency in the matter of war finance which has had little attention. This is the way in which individual congressmen are seeking to contribute to the strategy of national defense. Since the declaration of war, appropriation bills have been introduced at a rate that would rapidly consume a considerable part of the bond issue in expenditures largely of a local character. Senator Phelan, for instance, has drawn one bill for a ten million dollar naval and aviation school "on the Pacific coast," and another for a half-million dollar munitions factory at Benicia, California. Mr. Taylor has asked for a million dollars to build a munitions plant—at no particular point, provided it "be located in the fourth congressional district of Colorado." Mr. Curry wants a million dollar factory in California; Mr. Shafroth, a ten million dollar plant at Pueblo; Mr. Austin, a five million dollar plant at Knoxville; and Mr. Smoot both a factory and a service school, costing three and a quarter millions, to be constructed anywhere within the border lines of Utah. Military roads, too, are being planned for. Mr. Lobeck has brought in a bill for a paved army boulevard through eastern Nebraska; Mr. Vinson wants two million dollars for a military road in Georgia; and Mr. Raker, three and a half millions for a highway from Los Angeles north. Mr. Lobeck also has a plan for "increasing the efficiency of the United States Military and Naval Academies"—by building a two million dollar training school in the second congressional district, Nebraska.

It needs no special military knowledge to realize that with an army to be created, equipment purchased, ships to be built, and a supply of food assured, there is no possibility of a two million dollar school, or a three million dollar road in California, being completed in time to be of service in the present war. If these bills were not introduced on the familiar congressional principle that when money is to flow freely as much as possible ought to return to the fountainhead, they at least suggest what may happen throughout the war if a close watch is not kept. There is no reason to indict Congress because a number of its members are making political capital, incidentally or by design, out of a national crisis. But it is just as well to point out that the many objections which will be raised in the future against "giving the Executive too free a hand," will be mainly the protests of an outraged district consciousness.

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The Challenge to Pacifists

SIR: "It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world at last free." Only the pacifist who is absolutely non-resistant can fail to respond to such a call as our President has voiced for the American people, and even the non-resistant might be reminded of Bertrand Russell's one condition for the justification of the use of force: "The use of force," he says, "is justifiable when it is ordered in accordance with law by a neutral authority in the general interest." If ever, this declaration of war has been made under such conditions; and that pacifists should stand by such a noble aspiration and help to maintain such a conception of world service as President Wilson has expressed seems, to one who claims to belong to such an outcast group, a challenge too imperative to miss. How can any one but those whose daily lives have won the justification of non-resistance refuse now to bear the personal sacrifice of war? Those who have won the crown of non-resistance, for it is a crown to be won, not a declaration to be made, are

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those who have not strengthened in daily living the forces of hatred, of misunderstanding, of greed and treachery; such rare personalities led by the Christ, and including in their numbers past and present such valiant souls as St. Francis, Tolstoy, Jane Addams and others, white raimented through sacrificial consecration to Brotherhood.

But the rest of us responsible in greater or less degree for the selfishness of mankind must bear the burden, the accusation, the indictment of war. For war, even this war as President Wilson has interpreted it, for us, is not noble. H. G. Wells has said in his Italy, France and Britain at War: "I avow myself an extreme pacifist! I do not merely want to end this war, I want to nail down war in its coffin. Modern war is an intolerable thing. . . . It is disaster. It may be a necessary disaster, . . . but for all that I insist it remains waste, disorder, disaster." It is in hearty accord with the spirit of this statement of Wells that some pacifists enter this war, not exultant, buoyantly shouting for our country's flag, but soberly, consecrated to a magnificent charge, but nevertheless humiliated, because war has come only as an accusation, a great indictment against us all, and America especially, that would-be Republic of Man, because we have not made manifest quickly enough our high destiny among the nations, have not realized to the limit even of to-day's human capacity the possibilities of our consecrated democracy. We must see these forces we have denounced but never wholly denied, those fears and hatreds and treacheries we have cried out against but not exorcised from our own spirits, we must see these dominant and uncovered in our midst, and we must take up the sword and perish by the sword with our wayward brothers. The old prophecy of the Christ sounds relentlessly out of the past as he cried out to Jerusalem, "If thou hadst known, even thou in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

The challenge thus for us pacifists, without the justification of non-resistance, is to discern quickly and grasp tenaciously the impulses of service and self-sacrifice awakened by the dramatic appeal of war, and to develop, crystallize them so that they may be maintained forever in the life of our communities. To many who have struggled to inspire true national service in the hearts and heads of American citizens, who have discerned already "the moral equivalent for war," this intense general enthusiasm for "national preparedness" brings a sting of bitterness. But it is only the keen edge of the sword of accusation against us all, and in it the pacifist must find the constructive path of duty. We must take these new forces in our midst working at last for school and city gardens, because of food preparedness in war time, for military training in our public schools, for home making taught to our girls because of need of economy in the nation, in its time of stress, new impulse for baby welfare work because our sons are to die in battle, these forces that will consider, may be, great researchers in our university centers as to industrial fatigue, because of the need of conservation of the workers in munition factories—yes and also the outraged human cry against the sinking of the Lusitania, and destruction of other American non-combatants—we must take all these forces awakened to national service, and translate them into permanent habits of mind, of energy, of consecration, so that never again can our men and women stand aside when our public schools are endangered, our school gardens and playgrounds ignored, our babies ill born and forgotten, our men and women sacrificed through industrial fatigue daily, our children lost in numbers, comparable many times over, to those sunk on the Lusitania, in child-laboring industries within our own land. Let us not be satisfied merely with propaganda and platforms of peace, let us not be too saddened by the bitter truth that the dramatic appeal of war is bringing reforms we could have had in peace, but let us learn how to dramatize for the future days the daily services of humanity, so as to maintain these awakened forces of citizenship. Romain Rolland calls to us in Au dessus de la mêlée: "Un grand peuple assailli par la guerre n'a pas seulement ses frontières à défendre; il a aussi sa raison. Il lui faut la sauver des hallucinations, des injustices, des sottises, que le fléau déchaîne. . . . S'il faut dans la paix préparer la guerre, comme dit sagesse des nations, il faut aussi dans la guerre préparer la paix."

Let us rise to meet this challenge, let us aid in defense of our hard-won spiritual frontiers of civilization, let us be aggressive in that part of the program of war preparedness which is peace preparedness, and which may endure through these dramatic national crises and be reinterpreted as consecrated services of the democracy of the future.

ISABEL KIMBALL WHITING.

A German-American View

SIR: We are Americans of German parentage and, believing our case to be more or less typical, wish to express our attitude on the present momentous and soul-searching crisis.

Heretofore there have been many issues involved in the present war and our natural sympathies have predetermined our judgments. In the cause of the war we saw diplomatic entanglement; in the invasion of Belgium—military necessity; in the sinking of the Lusitania—a horrible mistake, and yet, she carried munitions; in the submarine blockade—it seemed as legal, or as right, as England's blockade. Every angle of vision showed the whole messy thing in a different light.

We read the clearest exponent of the whole situation—Bernard Shaw—and found comfort in his viewpoint. We realized that in these many-faceted questions there was much right and much wrong on each side. Our feelings decided the logical deadlock. There was no ultimate criterion whereby we could judge.

Now, however, with wonderful eloquence, President Wilson has definitely established one issue—democracy versus autocracy. Even though, perhaps, the first part of the war held no such issue, the trend of circumstances has latterly developed it. Cruel though it may be to the German people, arbitrary as its election may seem to them, accidental as the circumstances may have been which made its adoption possible, still, it *is*, it *exists*. It is now for us Americans the *sole* standard whereby we may judge.

We are convinced that as soon as those of us with German sympathies realize (and no doubt many of us have) the compulsion for decision on the basis promulgated by the President, we will give but one answer and give it with good heart, though sadly. Since this issue has been officially made it is impossible for us to have Germany win the war; there is now no alternative. And we thus earnestly support the new internationalization—and the consequently deeper nationalization—of our country with most fervent hope and growing faith that our accomplishments, measured by our declared aspirations, shall make worth while the necessary terrible sacrifice on the altar of ideals.

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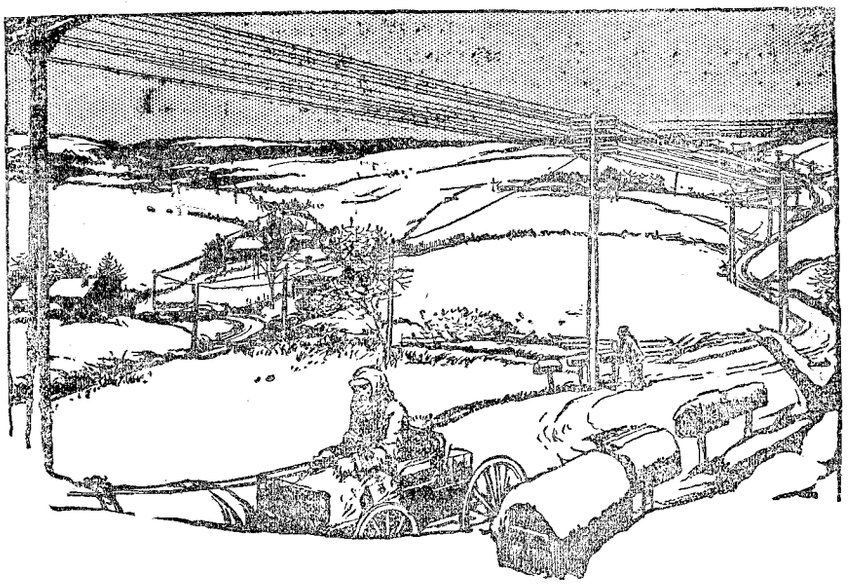

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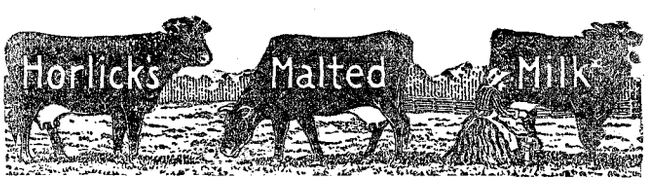

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Moreover, may it happen that the constant mouthing of such phrases as "the moral issue," will develop a deeper understanding of the great words so that we may get eyes to see further moral issues in other relations, with the growing consciousness of our social responsibilities.

For out of the dung-heap springs that most unearthly thing—a flower.

THEODORE F. MUELLER.
MARIE MUELLER.
JOHANNA MUELLER.

Jersey City, New Jersey.

LOUIS H. MUELLER.

White Plains, New York.

A Contradictory Socialist

SIR: Will you permit an unknown Socialist to express what he conceives to be the convictions of the great majority of American Socialists, as opposed to the "statement from a group of prominent American Socialists."

First. The majority of American Socialists would deny the statement that "there is a difference even from the point of view of revolutionary socialism between democratic and autocratic government." To the eight signers of the statement there is a difference, but to the mass of the American people, to the sixty-seven per cent who have no property, whose lives consist of a never-ceasing, life-destroying struggle to exist, who have no thoughts except how to obtain the necessities of life—to them there is no difference. Theoretically and intellectually there is a difference, but worked out in practice there is no difference. When a man's family is starving he is not concerned whether President Wilson or Kaiser Wilhelm rules over him.

Second. The rank and file of American Socialists would deny the statement of our "intellectuals," that "it is impossible for democratic nations to disarm in the presence of autocratic nations." Had Belgium folded her arms and refused to resist, had Great Britain and France said, "we shall not fight," and "it takes two to make a quarrel," it is inconceivable that the mass of the German people, permeated, as they were and are, with ideas of internationalism, would have supported the German ruling military class in a policy of military force and aggression against the mass of the French and English people. The difficulty is that our "intellectuals" do not trust the democratic masses anywhere. They believe that the only hope of the masses is in the leadership of superior intellects like themselves. But the "democratic mass" moves aright, though it is not trusted. Witness Russia.

Third. The "democratic mass" of the Socialist party would deny, that "the proper aim of Socialist world politics, at the present time, is an alliance of the politically advanced nations for the defense of the democratic principle throughout the world." The democratic principle needs no defense by Socialists. Capitalistic self-interest is compelled to defend it. The proper aim of Socialist world politics at the present time is to define ever more and more clearly the battle line between the possessing, exploiting and the non-possessing, exploited classes, not of nations, but of all the world—to leap over all racial, social and national lines, to get beyond "democratic and autocratic" forms of government, to the fundamental international struggle between the exploiters and the exploited.

ARTHUR M. ALLEN.

Troy, New York.

Defense by a Dramatist

SIR: May I comment briefly—but solemnly—on a few of the points raised by "F. H." in his review of the first performance of my Plays for Negroes, now being played at the Garrick Theater? In discussing Simon the Cyrenian the reviewer observes: "Why Procula should have pleaded so hard for Jesus was not easy to grasp." Easy enough, surely, for a reader of Matthew XXVII, 19: "When he" (Pilate) "was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him"—a verse charged with dramatic significance. Again, the reviewer asks: "And is it not possible that Simon was a poor, trembling, intimidated man, on whom the soldiers laid brutal hands?" Entirely possible. Indeed, this is probably the obvious, if not the most plausible, interpretation of the gospels' brief allusion to the man of Cyrene. But because the historical material is so excessively meager, a dramatist is forced to create his own Simon; and my interpretation is, I submit (still solemnly), not only rather more legitimate than the obvious one, but of far greater dramatic value. Finally, Madison Sparrow, in The Rider of Dreams, is less a moralist than a poet, but as the text of the play clearly shows, he is no sense a criminal. It is a misconstruction of the individual character and of the type to assume, as does this review, that he is "light-fingered."

RIDGELY TORRENCE.

New York City.

Praise for British Land Policy

SIR: News comes that the English government is asserting its right to evict farmers who will not cultivate their land to its full capacity, and to substitute others who will cultivate. Title to land is made to depend upon the use of the land for the public good. This is a splendid forward step. Deplorable beyond measure, however, is the fact that the needs and claims of the public to be fed become a paramount consideration only under pressure of war. Many traditions, many institutions are being tested and purged in this crisis. Our selfish and dishonest system of land tenure may not survive it long.

MALCOLM C. BURKE.

Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

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to this issue

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The New
REPUBLIC

Spring Literary Review

The Bondage of Shaw

JUST as Synge makes the ordinary run of contemporary plays sound poor in speech, as Chékhov makes them look too tidily arranged, as Hauptmann shows up their author's failure to compose them with anything deeper than ingenuity, so Shaw makes them appear unintelligent, the work of specialists in theatricals, of men without ideas.

At the theatre, watching a farce, one often guesses that its point of departure was found by answering a question like this: In precisely what circumstances would an almost normal person refrain from telling something which even an idiot, were the circumstances ever so little different, would have stopped the play by telling at once?

Mr. Shaw needs none of these doctored situations to start his farces with. They get under way as simply as his comedies, move at the same pace, and pursue the same end. You cannot, in fact, divide his plays into comedy and farce. All of them, one with a thicker and another with a thinner veil over its serious purpose, seek to destroy illusion.

Of course all comedies try more or less to do this, and the better they succeed the better they satisfy the classic idea of comedy. But the scope of comedy is so wide that the illusions may be anything you please. In Miss Austen, for example, they are Emma's illusions as to the feeling of one individual towards another. The mistakes corrected by Molière are graver, more anti-social, matter more to the community. Yet Molière keeps always a faith in the old wisdom of the world. The self-deceptions he exposes are tried before judges assumed to be competent, before a society whose general good sense is taken for granted. Mr. Shaw denies the existence of any such common sense. He is forever telling contemporary society the bad news that illusion is part of its structure. The self-deceiver he assaults and exposes is society itself.

No wonder such a radical fighter puzzled us all at first. His appearance in our meaningless theatre was more surprising than the first appearance, about eighteen-eighty-something, of grape fruit on our tables, many sizes larger than our familiar breakfast dishes, and how much more pungent. Nowadays all grape fruit tastes alike. So with Mr. Shaw's plays. They are as pungent as ever, they are larger than of old, but they are no longer new. His late plays are not newer than his earliest. His originality is not a plant of slow growth. Seldom has an artist-philosopher, coming so early into his fortune of convictions, reached the age of sixty with fewer losses of conviction, fewer gains, so little change in the nature of his investments. He believes what he believed and feels what he felt. Hence his uniformity. None of his plays differs from another in tone so widely as The Master Builder differs from An Enemy of Society, or in doctrine so widely as Une Visite de Noces differs from La Femme de Claude. Shaw's is the work of a witty and pugnacious demonstrator, never depressed by the brutality and injustice all about him, always impatient of the lying done in their defense, enjoying mightily his attacks on these lies.

Dumas fils had an even greater talent than Mr. Shaw's for preaching from the stage, but his propaganda was immensely less important. In Une Visite de Noces, and everywhere else, his attention is fixed upon some variety of love. Mr. Shaw looks further afield, knows ever so much more, thinks ever so much more, pays attention to more parts of life. He has examined war, property, education, marriage, home life, romantic love, as they exist in the British world, and he sees that they are bad. His method of proceeding against them is not to turn a full stream of anger directly upon these institutions themselves. His weapon is not anger against things and facts. It is impatience with the romantic idealism which keeps evil alive by seeing things and facts as they are not and by telling lies about them. War, for example, is hateful to Mr. Shaw, but his way of getting rid of it is by exposing and ridiculing the stuff and nonsense talked about military glory. So strong is his preference for taking this way that sometimes one suspects him of detesting conventional notions of military glory more cordially than he detests the realities of war.

Pestilent archaic institutions are the objects of his attack, but its method is such that he seems to be giving most of his attention to the flattering reflection of these institutions in the conventional idealizing mind. He is much less a realistic describer and exhibitor than a preacher of the realistic habit. Learn to see things realistically, great things and small, and the future will be better than the present. Once the tribe of romantic liars has been exterminated there will be no war in the world, no profiteering, no parasites living in idleness. Home life will be better and there will be less of it.

Shaw the propagandist, the physician to an ailing society, is so effectively in earnest that everybody who can take his medicine at all comes sooner or later to take it seriously. Most of us pass through several stages. At first we are puzzled and amused by these plays, in which the speeches glitter like razors after a cakewalk, and the mots d'auteur are brilliant as poppies in the wheat. Then it disconcerts us to discover that this paradoxist means bodily harm to the existing order. Next we are exhilarated and stimulated and compelled almost to think for ourselves by his doctrine, so lucid and emphatic and cocksure. It is at a later stage, when we are trying to escape from the prison of Mr. Shaw's common sense, that we take him most seriously.

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It is all very well, we say at this stage, to talk against illusions, but are not some illusions necessary? George Meredith has shown us

> Yonder midnight ocean's force,
> Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
> To throw that faint thin line upon the shore!

If the warrior horse were realists, if they foresaw the inevitable faintness and thinness of any line they could rationally hope to throw, with all their ramping, wouldn't they ramp less, and the line on the shore be even thinner and fainter? Illusions do harm, we admit, yet it is by illusion's help that the world does its work. Would not the sanest ambitions dwindle, and the highest hopes fail, if the extent of their future satisfaction could be accurately known?

That way of escaping Mr. Shaw's influence is possible, no doubt, but not for a convert whose mind he has ever thoroughly won. For Mr. Shaw believes the world can get along without any man's best if he be such a weakling that he cannot do his best without telling himself lies. One of these days the world will be manned by a tough-minded realistic crew, whose labor will be none the less diligent because they direct it to strictly attainable ends. And even after illusion has gone instinct and impulse will remain. At present married life is made worse than it need be by the romantic idealism of men and women who expect to find it better than it can be. But a more rational expectation, a clear foresight, will not weaken the instinct which brings men and women together. Expecting less happiness in marriage than they now foolishly expect, they will gain a solider happiness than they can have now. The artistic impulse, again, is so inextinguishable that artists will keep pegging away after they have scrapped all their illusions. A painter can stick to his work though he has no hope of beating Velasquez. He paints to make his picture represent what he has seen as he has seen it. So with "the instinct of workmanship" wherever found, and it will be found in abundance.

But if we yield the point, if we grant the truth of all that Mr. Shaw teaches us about illusions, if we concede that all are harmful, that none is necessary, are we condemned never to loosen his grip upon us? At least we can try. To see mankind as divisible into realists and romantic idealists, we may say, is only one way of seeing the world. Turn from Mr. Shaw, for whom it is the only way of seeing things as they are, to whatever life we happen to know. No attempt to separate people into realists and romantic idealists can long survive contact with miscellaneous experience. Most of the men and women one sees do not spend most of their time in realizing Mr. Shaw's ideals of realism or romantic idealism. They are quite as significantly classifiable upon other systems. They are not easily classifiable upon any. If we keep his classification in mind long enough, until it looks as strange as a familiar word repeated over and over, it will at last appear arbitrary. Imagine a sculptor who should begin each of his portrait busts with a determination to have the look of it tell us whether the sitter did or did not believe that land ought to be taxed to its full rental value. An exaggeration? Of course. But what of? Of just the impression left on me when I try to remember Mr. Shaw's plays as a whole.

A self-conscious passion for seeing things realistically, or as they are, is a blood relation of its caricature, the passion for seeing things as other people don't. And this, again, is no distant relative of the passion for denying what other people see, even when they see truly. Take physical courage, for example, which Mr. Shaw dislikes and denies because it is, after all, the one best bet of the romantic idealists who have invented the myth of military glory. This dislike appears again in his fondness for putting fear, physical fear, upon the stage. Take for another example love, the spring in which rivers of romantic lies have their source. Except as pure life-force, Mr. Shaw has a poor opinion of love. He would resent the behavior of Sir Samuel Romilly, whose wife's death drove him to suicide at the age of sixty-one, because such doings are evidence of a kind not, I admit, very abundant, but still evidence, that passionate love may survive twenty years of marriage. Friendship, too, with its irrational loyalties and its odor of good old times, has been the occasion of the Lord knows how much romantic idealism. Hence, in all Mr. Shaw's plays, so far as I can remember, no representation of friendship on the best terms, between equals. Together with human relations at their intensest and most disinterested, as in friendship and love, he excludes human beings at the full tide of their energy. So much lying has been done about great men that he is impatient of greatness. Julius Caesar is not greater than John Tanner or Andrew Undershaft. Vivie Warren seems almost as great a man as Napoleon.

This denial of the exceptional, this dislike and distrust of it, what are they in Mr. Shaw, but the other side of affirmation that society must be turned into a happier place for average men and women? He is at his most modern in his effort to overthrow all those institutions which keep the poor dependent upon the idle or the active rich, and in his warfare against the romantic lies which sicken and divide all selves except the callous and the blind. His concern for mankind, for a world exempt from tyranny, brutality, unearned leisure, intimidation, for a world in which no man's will is the slave of another man's, and which is filled with men and women who had rather forfeit their respectability than their self-respect, who are neither afraid without cause nor afraid, when there is cause, of being afraid—all this progeny of aspirations is the issue of Mr. Shaw's modern democratic passion.

A modern passion he does not feel is the passion for observing and representing the greatest possible amount of human nature, just because it is human nature. He is almost a stranger to that omnivorous curiosity, so widespread nowadays among novelists, historians and psychologists, which is eager to contradict or verify what our fathers have told us about man, to make discoveries, to treat nothing as negligible if it be human. Such a disinterested curiosity would perhaps be an encumbrance to an artist as bent on changing our minds as Mr. Shaw is. Accordingly we find his gift of sharp observation used for the most part upon men and women when they are in contact with romantic idealism, either as its destroyers or its victims, and especially at the moment of their conversion to realism. He has some observation to spare for them at other moments, but unless you remember his purpose, his central drive, you cannot help wondering why he has not more.

"Philosophy serves culture," said Pater, "not by the fancied gift of abstract or transcendental knowledge, but by suggesting questions which help one to detect the passion, and strangeness and dramatic contrasts of life." This is not the kind of philosophy people have in mind when they excuse Mr. Shaw's narrowed gaze by calling him an

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artist-philosopher. Artist-reformer would be nearer the truth, and the distinction between him and the mere artist would remain. The mere artist, whom you may call either a convictionless or a disinterested artist, just as you please, is known by his eagerness to look again and again at the world with fresh eyes. He values life more for its variety and its capability of surprising him than for its conformity with his previous reports upon it. The artist is known by what he omits, the artist-philosopher by what he omits to observe. His subconscious tells him either that his philosophy would be different if he observed more, or else that he would have no end of trouble trying to squeeze his new material into his old system. In this his subconscious does the artist-philosopher a good turn. We forgive Mr. Shaw the hardness and fastness of his conclusions because we know he has observed nothing, literally nothing, that is inconsistent with them. We should never forgive him if he saw all life, and saw it merely as all raw premise for his finished conclusion-product.

It is by never forgetting Mr. Shaw is an artist-philosopher that we escape from his bondage. An artist-philosopher is a system-maker, and no system can be true. But even when we are equipped with this knowledge escape from him is not easy. His hold upon us is tenacious. He relaxes our will to get away. As a mere artist his power is not easy to resist. One of the greatest masters of clear statement that have ever lived, a humorist of the first rank, one of the great wits of the world, he knows how to use his wit and humor and clearness to serve his own will, the will to make us disbelieve. A while ago I spoke of his mots d'auteur, but really all his plays are mots d'auteur, spoken with a practical object. Will the next century read and see his plays? I have not the slightest idea. No words of mine, gentle reader, and a fortiori no words of yours, can tell how little we know about the tastes of our successors. But I am willing to bet, if they do read him, that they will find singularly little to skip.

Mr. Shaw's destiny is an odd one. All his articulate life he has been telling what he took to be subversive and unpleasant truths. His reward has been money, a reputation for brilliancy, few converts. Then the war came. He did as he had always done, said what he had always said, and with the same fresh wit and energy. This time, at last, he roused thousands and thousands to fury. So his chance has come for showing, now that he is about sixty years old, the courage he would have shown all along, if he had had the chance.

PHILIP LITTELL.

Behind the Blockade

Short Rations, An American Woman in Germany, 1915-1916, by Madeline Z. Doty. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

MISS DOTY went to Germany looking for wretchedness and revolt—and she found them. A certain fringe of unstable emotionalism surrounds her somewhat meagre sum of cold facts. There is considerable conjecture and surmise, considerable yielding to the impulse to magnify the feeling of an individual into a sort of mystic wave of national emotion. Even her own reaction to the visible hunger and gloom of the people is not consistent. In one word she seems to say that if the starvation and isolation process goes on much more the anger of the people will mount to a frenzy of blind destruction of their now so many enemies. She reports strong feeling against submarine "ruthlessness"; well, the "ruthlessness" has come—so far, that theory is justified. Germany does not now appear to care whom she hurts or who are her enemies. Yet in another mood, Miss Doty seems to justify the "iron ring" policy on the ground that the growing misery of the people will issue in revolt not against those who are directly responsible for it, but against those who are indirectly responsible—namely, their own government, or, more accurately, Prussia. This is the crucial decision for Germany. Certainly the balm of victory will be denied their wounds. Their protest will be either towards international anarchy or towards national self rehabilitation. Miss Doty's book would have gained had she kept one or the other point of view consistently before her, had she steadily made one or the other question her preliminary "sense of the problem." And her book would have had more consequent weight on the side of sanity and generosity toward Germany.

But in spite of the false vividness and foreshortening of reality that is at a premium in American newspaper offices, in spite of occasional "worked up" sentimentalism and a rather cheap-jewelry style, in spite of trivialities fused with basic interpretations in a common amalgam, Short Rations is a moving book. Miss Doty has a real passion for life, the woman's horror at wasted flesh and broken bodies. War means not so much unromantic and grim suffering to her as it means waste—blind and futile waste. Criminals are embittered by whips and so are nations. Individuals cannot permanently adjust their human relations through physical strife and neither can nations. She has not surrendered her intelligence to the stupid level of believing war an effective instrument of statesmanship. She refuses to be mobilized. And that passion for the living reality beneath the sonorous phrases of unimaginative diplomats gives, for all its cheapness of handle, a fine and sure and thrilling edge to the knife of her narrative.

William Dean Howells

William Dean Howells, a Study of the Achievement of a Literary Artist, by Alexander Harvey. Soon to be published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. $1.50.

A CRITICAL study of William Dean Howells is needed in America. Mr. Harvey thinks that the lack of it is due to British literary superstition. Mr. Howells, he believes, has not been highly, or highly enough, esteemed in London, and the English underestimation has been slavishly adopted here. Whether this is the true cause or not, the fact is indisputable. The most eminent man of letters in the United States is not half so well established in the literary consciousness of our present generation as any one of a dozen Englishmen. American criticism, such as it is, has done very little for our leading novelist. There are Continental writers, indeed, thanks partly to Mr. Howells himself, whose work and whose personality arouse a desire that is incommensurably greater than the desire which he arouses. For all the exciting literary recommendation that is so common in America the tone about Mr. Howells, with a few thrilling exceptions, is exceedingly mild. He is installed in good repute. He is circulated. He is eulogized. He is honored. But he is not treated as a positive living force. The reasons for this, considering his eminence, are worth inquiry, since American criticism has long owed it to his genius to do something toward breaking up its ceremonial attitude.

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Clever and admiring as Mr. Harvey's book is, it does not satisfactorily avail of the opportunity that William Dean Howells afforded. Mr. Harvey selects important aspects of Mr. Howells's work for lively and assertive advocacy, but it is abundantly clear from the start that Mr. Howells is his point of departure rather than his goal. Like a caged canary that catches a sound only to burst into his own song, Mr. Harvey listens to Howells only to break forth about the Philistinism of Boston, the frustration of Charles Francis Adams, the erotic symbolism of Edgar Allan Poe. It makes a suggestive book, but it neglects the case in point. An arduous task confronted Mr. Harvey. There were not only the thirty-odd novels to consider, but farces and comedies and books of travel and criticism and reminiscence making a total of nearly a hundred volumes, all coming from a man whose recollection spans half the life of the Republic. There was a critical study to be made not only of the production that Mr. Howells has achieved, but of the national substance from which it came. It must be said that in being loosely oracular and discursive, instead of attentive, Mr. Harvey has missed his hour.

The special nature of woman seems to be a subject of compelling interest to Mr. Harvey, for example, and he insists on looking to Mr. Howells's novels for a satisfaction of this proclivity. But Mr. Howells is the wrong person for a man with such an objective. It is like going to Chicago for the lotos. There is something to be said for the contention that, "from the standpoint of literature regarded as a fine art, I consider The Rise of Silas Lapham the greatest novel ever written. . . . In the matter of form, structure, style, whatever we choose to call that part of the novelist's equipment which reveals him as an artist, this tale of the Laphams is more finished than the masterpieces of Flaubert." But there is very little to be said for the violent contention that "it is a tale of the love of Irene for Tom and of Tom for Penelope, every development of the plot being critical to us because it bears, in a manner near or remote, upon that intense affair. I have been unable to call to mind a novel in which the sentiment, indeed the passion of love has been steeped in so unsparing a realism with such an intimate knowledge of the subject matter. . . . The most remarkable feature of The Rise of Silas Lapham is that it has two heroines."

Is Mr. Harvey entirely sincere in proffering this novel as another Romeo and Juliet? It has the intense interest of Tom and Irene and Penelope. The unmerited misery of Irene and of Penelope, the fire underneath such a simple phrase as, "Penelope Lapham, have you been such a ninny as to send that man away on my account?"—these things do make it a passionately human love story. But "the mystery of pain and loss" is in nowise confined to the girls. Mrs. Lapham "had never heard of the fate that was once supposed to appoint the sorrows of men irrespective of their blamelessness or blame, before the time when it came to be believed that sorrows were penalties; but in her simple way she recognized something like that mythic power when she rose from her struggle with the problem, and said aloud to herself, 'Well, the witch is in it.'" That fate afflicts Silas as well as Irene, and in the rise and fall of Silas Lapham, in his promotion to prosperity, in his collision with a different order of civilities, there is an epic which is subsidiary to nothing else. So accurate is the delineation of Back Bay that impatient Bostonians say: "But we know all that." It is the main achievement of this novel that it drives us to realize the inexorable necessity and the equally inexorable cruelty of exclusiveness, social and sexual, in direct proportion as we have imagination. If we suppose that the statement of these cruel necessities is a matter of no moment to Mr. Howells and comes from a juxtaposition caught by the accident of the camera, we naturally conclude that The Rise of Silas Lapham is merely a bit of skilful representation and we have no emotions about it except for its virtuosity. But such a supposition of detachment is too naïve. Silas Lapham is alpine with the inflictions its author has given it.

It is a great novel especially, as Mr. Harvey says, because of the relevancy of its material, the aesthetic consequence of its arrangement. Take any little passage like this: "Penelope began hastily to amend the disarray of her hair, which she tumbled into a mass on the top of her little head, setting off the pale dark of her complexion with a flash of crimson ribbon at her throat. She moved across the carpet once or twice with the quaint grace that belonged to her small figure, made a dissatisfied grimace at it in the glass, caught a handkerchief out of drawer and slid it into her pocket, and then descended to Corey." Has this the remorseless inclusion, the jejune literalness, of a photograph? It is faithful to fact in the sense that it conveys Penelope to us by letting us see her in movement, but it is a picture suffused with feeling, feeling for her charm, her characteristic gesture, her humorous self-consciousness, her daintiness. Contrast this "realism" with a conventional verbal portrait: "So, in the blinding glare of cloudless morning, under the dark, overarching orange trees, on a street, narrow, dirty, and anything but straight, they met. The tall, well-knit young man in quiet, close-fitting brown, was small-faced, with clear, grey-blue eyes, a hooked nose, and pink, boyish cheeks. The man, rubicund all over an ample countenance, his eyes watery gray, his surface suety, his outline pear-shaped, wore a loose, flapping suit of soiled, spotty, snuff-streaked black." It is only persons that have no particular feeling for literary art who can go astray about the deceptive simplicity and artlessness of Mr. Howells—an "artlessness" which this real artlessness reveals.

And yet on this very point Mr. Harvey goes hopelessly astray. In his chapter on the limitations of Mr. Howells he says, "His novels, his novelettes, his experiments with the short story, his farces, his criticisms never take us to the depths of anything. There are, he seems to say again and again, no depths. Life is a surface. . . . He is like those older psychologists who kept us so carefully within the limits of consciousness that they never suspected the existence of the subconscious. The matter might be put in a different fashion by noting that the genius of Howells is objective and not in the least subjective. He can tell us with subtle observation what Grace Breen said when she confessed her love, how she looked, the way she raised her arms and what she wore. He never dares to say what went on within her soul. How could he ever know the subconscious? In avoiding all that he avoids likewise the symptoms or the depths of passion, its essence, as the poet might say." And again, "To tell the truth it is impossible to read the literature of the psycho-analytic school of Freudian psychology without marvelling at the completeness with which the whole fabric of the Howells criticism collapses and disintegrates. It is all surface and no depth. . . . These people [the native Americans of Anglo-Saxon origin] have never explored life subjectively. The American subconsciousness is to all intents

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and purposes a sealed book. . . . Howells is a reporter—a reporter of genius, to repeat, a humorist of the rarest gifts, an artist with words, but still a reporter."

What Mr. Harvey means by "objective" is not clear. Take such a novel as A Modern Instance; it is so little confined to reporting that it is actually and almost specifically a morality. We witness the steady deterioration of Bartley Hubbard, "the decay of whatever was right-principled in him." The novelist is not detached. He takes sides against his villain and stigmatizes his "corrupt nature." When Marcia has Bartley in her arms on the eve of their fated wedding, before the discrepancy in their desires is completely manifest, Mr. Howells does not aim for one moment to remain a reporter.

"'. . . if only you would let me take back——'

"'Yes,' he answered dreamily. All that wicked hardness was breaking up within him; he felt it melting drop by drop in his heart. This poor, love-tossed soul, this frantic, unguided, reckless girl, was an angel of mercy to him, and in her folly and error a messenger of heavenly peace and hope. . . . She took his head between her hands and pressed it hard against her heart, and then wrapped her arms tight about him, and softly bemoaned him."

If Mr. Harvey had not himself derived a "Howells philosophy of women" from the novels, it might be necessary to insist further that Mr. Howells is more than a reporter, has indeed that "precious insight" into the heart of life that is a synonym for psychology.

Insofar as Mr. Howells was weaned from his Germanic strain and caught the New England spiritual accent, he shared, I should imagine, in the volitional pessimism, the voluptuous sense of sin, of his adopted community. "The wish to be sincere, the wish to be just, the wish to be righteous," he himself puts it, "are before the wish to be kind, merciful, humble. A people are not a chosen people for half a dozen generations without acquiring a spiritual pride that remains with them long after they cease to believe themselves chosen." In his later books Mr. Howells is so genial, so indulgent, so lambent, one cannot associate him with the New England righteousness, but in A Modern Instance he is a little more sure of Bartley Hubbard's baseness than he has any right to be. In the father's jealousy of his daughter's husband, so faithfully depicted, there is an unsuspected morbid element that would have set poor Mr. Gaylord by the ears. And then there is that nasty-nice self-concerned righteousness of Halleck. ("Don't you see that his being in love with her when she was another man's wife is what he feels it to be—an indelible stain? . . . There was a time when he would have been glad to profit by a divorce." Atherton shares Halleck's guilty feeling about this phenomenon of love without a marriage license.) More knowledge of the unconscious would undoubtedly have kept Mr. Howells from being quite so disedified by the Bartley Hubbards, quite so impressed by the Calvinistic contortionists.

One has only to read that extraordinary book, A Boy's Town, to discover Mr. Howells's constitutional shyness. He was destined to be impressed by New England, by anything that presented itself as having a special worthiness to which he hardly dared aspire. It is as if he had always lived under the aegis of a frowning deity, had the heart to be adventurously gay, but was too devout to discount those evidences of a reproving godhead that enveloped him. A sweet reasonableness comes in the end to pervade his work, and he is never without a continent humor, but there is a deference in the early days, particularly to stuffy Bostonians, which makes one ache for him. "It is good for the literary aspirant," he says in his pleasant way, "to realize very early that he is but one of many, for the vice of our comparatively virtuous craft is that it tends to make each of us imagine himself central, if not sole. As a matter of fact, however, the universe does not revolve around any one of us; we make our circuit of the sun along with the other inhabitants of the earth, a planet of inferior magnitude. The thing we strive for is recognition, but when this comes it is apt to turn our heads. I should say, then, that it was better it should not come in a great glare and a loud shout, all at once, but should steal slowly upon us, ray by ray, breath by breath." And so on. It is excellent counsel for most men, but Mr. Howells obeyed it too well himself. He was always ready to spoil others with recognition, "Mr. James or Miss Jewett, Kielland or Björnson, Maupassant, Palacio Valdés, Giovanni Verga, Tourguénief." For himself he claimed nothing. It is, as it now appears, lamentable. Beautiful as is the considerateness that distinguishes Mr. Howells, delicate as is his apprehension of every other personality, utterly reliable as is his democracy, scrupulous as is his virtue, there is a retardation of impulse, for all his productiveness, which afflicts one like the thought of living in a land of perpetual cloud. And yet there is never any dulness because of this subordination of impulse. "After seeing Mme. Bernhardt's Hamlet no one can altogether liberate himself from the fancy that the Prince of Denmark was a girl of uncertain age, with crises of mannishness in which she did not seem quite a lady." Mr. Howells never loses his capacity for this kind of critical amusement, whatever his American circumspection.

Where Mr. Howells is circumspect in a national sense it is rather with reference to the human herd than to any social class or any political order. The undemocratic irony of poverty he never forgets. "Where, in what business of this hard world, is not prosperity built upon the struggle of toiling men, who still endeavor their poor best, and writhe and writhe under the burden of their brothers above, till they lie under the lighter load of their mother earth?" Not on such an issue as war is he deferential. His disgust for war, "that melancholy and humiliating necessity of war," its "monstrous inconsequence," is similarly unsparing and candid and free. The circumspection he shows is, as it were, projected out of the representative witenagemot that his conscience and his taste provide. So close is he to his kind, he is humanely colored lest he upset them, and however he may disagree with them, even passionately, he observes certain conditions of brotherhood, or tribal gregariousness. The subtleties of this national circumspection are too easily ignored by Mr. Harvey. It is certainly not the finest moral contrivance there is, but it is the most significant contrivance of the age Mr. Howells has represented and it calls for keen and close and sympathetic interpretation.

The task of interpreting Mr. Howells still awaits American criticism. So faithful and disinterested an artist as himself has stored up treasures of national consciousness which will gain in value as time goes on. There is nothing about him, not even the oppressed patience which seems so large a part of his goodness, that vitiates his artistic being. He is the one American figure on whom literary criticism has failed to focus as it should, and from whose large intentions and richly freighted performances too few national writers have renewed themselves.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Selma Lagerlöf

Collected Works of Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

COLONEL BEERENCREUTZ, old and full of experience, was immersed in a fascinating but baffling work. He was trying to weave a rug, in a rich and curious pattern, which, in faint reflection of the infinite weaving of Our Lord, should represent life in its proper lights and shades. Probably Selma Lagerlöf did not intend her Colonel Beerencreutz to serve as a clue to herself. And yet the parallel of her writing is inescapable. Her work, too, is an interpretation of the world she has lived in, undertaken in humility and devotion of spirit. Her patterns are intricate and baffling, like those of an antique master weaver of Damascus. To the uninitiate each element in the composition seems to have been introduced merely for the general artistic effect. He can easily see why a particular figure is precisely what is needed in the pattern, and supposes that this is why he finds it there. But he is in error; the oriental rug weaver never inserted figures for so trivial a reason as artistic effect. They appear in the carpet because they are part of the pattern of life that is to be represented.

The pattern of Selma Lagerlöf's thought can be wholly understood only by those who have had an intimate experience of the life it represents. This means that all Americans are excluded from complete understanding. We content ourselves as a rule with describing Miss Lagerlöf's books as works of quaint charm, spirited fantasy, high moral purpose, religious idealism, just as we content ourselves with describing in terms of general artistic effect the oriental pattern whose minutest detail had a definite meaning for those who understood the artist's purpose. The life Americans seek to read into an artistic work is an extremely simplified life, which we think complex and varied because it is noisy and confusing. Our life is composed of a few striking motives that may find adequate representation in a factory fabric of geometrical design done in hard aniline dyes. The life which determines Miss Lagerlöf's weaving is part of the unbroken continuity of a culture extending into the remote antiquity beyond Christendom. In this life of rural Sweden the cruel old heathen gods are still able to reappear terrifyingly. Spirits of hill and stream and sea have not been banned and beasts and birds are admitted to a share in the councils of the community. The angels and devils of Christianity are even more active in their intervention in human affairs. To this category of social members we in urban America know nothing of, we must add the witches with power to lay binding curses and the benignantly possessed of God whose presence disquiets but blesses. Selma Lagerlöf moves easily without marked transition from the austere Swedish natural world to the perilous world of superstition. To us this seems just fantasy.

Even the natural world with which Selma Lagerlöf is occupied is strange to us. It is a world of poverty and wealth, not sophisticated by the cash nexus, but poverty and wealth in terms of primal necessities. There are peasant groups that have survived generations in chronic want and other peasant groups that, like the Ingmarssons of Jerusalem, have maintained themselves in prosperity since the dawn of history. There are households always brilliant with hospitality and good spirits and music and other households blighted with miserliness and brutality. Loneliness, however, is the characteristic lot; despairing loneliness, like that of old Agnete with her hut in the mountains at the foot of a glacier, whose only guests were the tortured spirits doomed forever to hover over the moving ice. Frustration is scarcely less characteristic. What have we in our life like the experience of the fiery young clergyman, doomed to wear out his life among the brutalized and apathetic population of the northern forest, or the plain old maid who prays God each night that he may spare her the terrible curse of love? She was not to be spared, to be sure. A mercurial craftsman was to appear on the homestead, to win all the women's hearts, fresh or desiccated, and then to march gaily away.

With loneliness and frustration much drinking may be assumed, and insanity, suicide, passionate crime. These corollaries Selma Lagerlöf accepts frankly, sympathetically. In primitive European culture there were no asylums for the insane and the dipsomaniacs. They were at large to contribute their visions to the general stock. Perhaps we do unwisely in segregating our abnormal types; there are many things of value that older communities have learned from the insane. They have learned, at any rate, that insanity may be the most merciful relief from sorrows that a sound mind cannot endure. We think of insanity as revolting: what is there revolting about the glorious dream of poor Jan of Ruffluck Croft, Emperor of Portugallia? His daughter had fallen into evil ways: should he have died, or have been committed to an asylum, to brood among doctors and keepers? His mind gave way and freed his imagination to endow the fallen girl with all the glory of the world, and to reflect glory upon himself. A quaint conceit, we say, not at all like life. It is not at all like life as it seems to us, who lost in the Atlantic most of the fragile values of the primitive culture from which we have our origin.

Selma Lagerlöf is most in harmony with this autochthonous culture in her first and most remarkable book, Gösta Berling. The book is quite unlike any other one has ever read. Formally, it is little more than a series of loosely connected episodes, not all of them interesting in themselves. But the final effect of the book is an impression of a singularly complete depiction of the author's world, fancy, tradition and vivid personal experience inextricably commingled. Gösta Berling moves in this world not as a protagonist in a drama, but as a hero of the imagination appears in rare glimpses to a sensitive, wistfully lonely maiden's soul. He is physical perfection, fearless, generous, pure of heart, but he must have vices: he drinks, terribly, and when drunk is capable of almost anything. He wins women's hearts one after another, and is won, only to be frustrated by fate. In the end he is indeed married to a woman he loves, and who has loved him but has lost all feeling for him except a passion to whip his vices out of him, to hold him sternly to the path of austere duty. Romantic moralizing, is one's first inference. But neither in this book nor in any other does Selma Lagerlöf really moralize. The woman who loved Gösta Berling, though her sin was only that of walking joyously with him across the treacherous ice floes of the lake, accepted as a deserved penalty degradation, disgrace, the death of her child. Gösta himself accepted humbly a life of labor and renunciation at the side of a wife who concealed her love, if it still survived, in contempt for his weakness. But this is nothing but a cry of frustration from the dreariness of life of the author and her people.

The later novels of Selma Lagerlöf are more systematically worked out, but less intense, less revelatory of the writer's soul. Nevertheless, frustration and renunciation

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characterize Jerusalem and the Emperor of Portugallia as well as most of her short stories. The girl from the Marsh Croft does indeed win happiness, but only after the exercise of incredible self-abnegation.

It is this continual recurrence to renunciation that has won Miss Lagerlöf her title of idealist, moral and religious teacher. But to suppose that the author is intentionally offering service to morality and religion is to underrate her artistic quality. A morality that approximates the system nowadays called conventional, a religion that seems austere and narrow-minded, are inextricably interwoven in the life she depicts. She makes use of them as she makes use of fading superstitions, live terrors, the hallucinations of the unbalanced, because she cannot help making use of them. There is not the least evidence of didactic purpose.

Miss Lagerlöf writes with rare felicity of style. If the translators have been unable quite to reproduce the author's quality in English, they are still to be credited with better success in this respect than most translators from the Scandinavian languages have attained. The books appear in good English, at any rate. But the good English does not account for their increasing vogue. That there is an ever widening circle of American admirers of Selma Lagerlöf is probably to be explained by the coming to maturity of the children who have read The Adventures of Nils.

Miss Lagerlöf's cultural medium is thoroughly saturated with the anthropomorphic conceptions that still compose the most attractive material for stories for children. When she was commissioned to write for the Swedish schools a book which would set forth the wonders of Swedish geography and preserve Swedish folk lore, she hit upon the genial idea of applying the method and feeling of her ancestral anthropomorphic culture to the presentation of the opaque scientific facts. The result was The Adventures of Nils and The Further Adventures of Nils. And these proved to be two of the most entrancing children's books in literature. Middle-class America, with its offspring not quite fitted into the scheme of things, had been eagerly scanning the horizon for something new to entertain little children and instruct them as well. Selma Lagerlöf was destined to become a household idol. And for the service she thus performed, it is her just desert that her more serious work should receive wider attention in America than the national mind would otherwise have accorded to a kind of literature that reflects a culture apparently remote and alien. In a sense, we have been conscripted to read Selma Lagerlöf, but once we have read her we resent the imputation that we were not drawn to her by free will and compelling native inclination.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Jack London in Chancery

PERHAPS the time has come for winding up Jack London's affairs and for delivering some sort of verdict in his case. As attorney for the defense and for the prosecution, I would submit to whatever judge may be the following *dossier*.

The key-note of this writer was apparently an autobiographical realism, combined with a taste for virile adventure. He and Frank Norris were the founders of the vital and virile school, continued by Rex Beach and other "husky" persons of dubious inspiration. London could steer any kind of boat through any kind of sea; he could "mush" over Chilkoot Pass, drink a straight quart of whiskey, contend with prize-fighters and carry off the Sabine woman. Therefore, he admired and portrayed types that could steer, mush, drink, box, and overcome. And his types were nearly always Jack London himself, transposed to a heroic key.

I am sure that he knew Capt. Wolf Larsen intimately and read himself into the soul of that savage viking. He certainly felt and lived the Call of the Wild, and if that book, by its authentic force, won London his public, the personal note is even more accentuated in such Alaskan yarns as Burning Daylight and Smoke Bellew. The hero of the first is an adventurer of wild and improbable vigor. He can spend a white night in Circle City and follow it by many continuous days and nights on the trail. Successful in Alaska, Burning Daylight transfers his methods to New York, where he pulls a revolver at a conference of steel magnates. This gesture, though natural for him, is improbable in Wall Street, and equally improbable is the rose-colored finish of the yarn.

Smoke Bellew shows us first an upright father who is prepared to mop up the floor with his dawdling son. But the youth gets his diploma of manhood on the Chilkoot Trail and becomes another devotee of "burning daylight" and of "eating bear meat," i. e., "living life naked and tensely." Like a movie-lord, he alternates dance-halls of splendor with camps of scurvy. During a freeze, Bellew wins "empery over the white feet of woman," apparently by thawing them out, as later he wins empery over the white feet of the North.

The rawness of all this does not diminish its autobiographical realism nor silence its frequent glowing appeal. My complaint is rather that these books are not truly novels. They have no sort of composition, they are merely strong scenes juxtaposed. After the first hero leaves Alaska, he simply fools around San Francisco, and that last dull half of the book fades immediately from memory. As for Smoke Bellew, the best chapters of it are two episodes concerning a warped roulette table and a corner in eggs. These chapters are really inserted short stories.

In fact, it is with the short story that Jack London attains his chief artistic success. His strong, quick, journalistic talent lent itself to this form, which he handles with great "punch" and prowess. He follows the modern tradition in his short, snappy sentences, his impassive delineation, the Maupassantian quirk of the whip at the end. Here, too, he shows the greatest range of subject and mood. Stories of impossibly Platonic lovers, of red blood in the white Barrens, of San Franciscans and Marquesans, are "astonished to find themselves together." The majority deal with savages in one clime or another, and this province London has made peculiarly his own. Simple psychology, vigorously etched background, picturesque native language and stirring narrative values have carried him here to undoubted success.

Is he successful in any other field? In his own person he went down into the East End of the English metropolis, and wrote about that, in the People of the Abyss. Later he dwelt in the Valley of the Moon and wrote about that. He cruised around the Pacific in the Snark and wrote about that. We need not follow him into his last divagation, The Little Lady of the Big House, where luxury and liquor have stained his pages with the smudged rose-color of the Gouverneur Morris and Robert W. Chambers school.

We may also pass over the Mutiny of the Elsinore, a well written Cape-Horner, which shows clear traces of Conrad in the personnel of the crew. There remain two volumes which are frank autobiographies—Martin Eden and John Barleycorn. The first, though nominally fiction,

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recounts the rise of the self-made man in terms of London's life. From this and from his essays we learn the author's philosophy.—The self-made man glories in his strength, in the sense of accomplishment. He admits no indebtedness save to the People and no ideal save that of Socialism. Martin Eden's loves are triumphant against the rivalry of breeding and conservatism. Society, according to London, is chiefly composed of materialistic males and females, and the intellectual, barring a few rebels, are passionless and dependent sleep-walkers. They will not fight for the Revolution, and London hotly declares, "I am a Revolutionist." The object of the proletariat is frankly the "conquest of the wealth of the world"; yet it is for materialism that the present ruling classes are denounced. London proposes that the cellar shall reform the parlor; yet he often shows the cellar as incapable of reforming itself. Socialists say that London has set back the cause at least five years.

The fact is that the self-made man's fresh appetite for reading and Thoughts brings but little sense of the complications of existence, I do not say in an embassy, but even in a flat. His thinking is short-circuited. His naïve vision of society is the vision of a peripatetic miner combined with that of a hard student who has not digested his reading. London sees life as essentially vulgar, civilization as a "tremendous artifice," everything as a salable commodity. "Improve your lot," says Jack, "go after physical and spiritual health—but do not be exploited. Exploit yourself, live dangerously, suck the orange dry!"

This is the moral of John Barleycorn, which is certainly Jack London's chief document and probably his greatest book. It also contains his best, his only thinking; it gives us the true philosophy of alcohol and rough living, which two things he knows; on all these accounts it solicits full treatment.

London declares that he is a non-alcoholic, who drank first because of the great accessibility of alcohol, secondly because the saloon stood for romance, good fellowship and the salt of life, finally because his brain, not his body, demanded the "jingle." His associates, from Italian laborers to the clubmen of his later years, all found social expression by means of drink. The saloons of San Francisco and Oakland had for him, as a newsboy, their "atmosphere of greatness," the warm lure of important manly deeds. They were and are truly social centers. As oyster pirates on the Bay, he and his hardy companions bargained, dreamed and celebrated with alcohol; only through treating and rioting were the bonds of friendship knit. Yet quite early London perceived certain disastrous possibilities. "This is not a world of free freights." Drink might dull your sensibility to sottishness or it might rouse you to Berserker rage. Drink inhibited morality and it often led to crime. Once it tempted London to the brink of suicide, and again it gave him the impulse to long hard-working voyages, during which he did not touch a drop. For he was never a regular drinker in his youth, he was never a dipsomaniac.

The stages of London's rise through self-education (punctuated by tremendous sprees) of his success as a writer (spurred on by more and more cocktails) of his later contests with heart and brain-sickness, made vivid by the fierce White Logic of John Barleycorn's pessimism, are recounted with the same nerve and sincerity. There are some stunning pages on this white logic, alcohol's reversal of values, its superiority to the usual illusions, its boundless stimulus to a man of imagination. There are descriptions of sinister soul-states, where London appears as a more staccato De Quincey; but the magic phrase "glass in hand" still provoked for him all the old connotations of comradeship, of free intense living, of daring adventure and creative vision. Yet what he kept for himself he wished to abolish from the world. He rode down from his ranch to vote for equal suffrage, because he wanted the women, who take no interest in any of Barleycorn's glamour, to dethrone the king and establish some development of the Y. M. C. A. as his successor. For alcohol gets the "best we breed," the strong reckless lovable souls, and those Jack London wanted to save. And knowing the long mirages of life, he wants the coming generation to pass through each of them clear-eyed and ready for the next. This acceptance of prohibition from one who was not primarily moralistic or altruistic seems a significant sign of the times.

John Barleycorn is a powerful book, deeply thought and felt. No externality here, no toying with baubles or mere lustihood. It was an authentic fire that drove London on, a fast express rioting over western peaks and chasms. Whatever the excess freight, he paid it like a man. There were many collisions and one day there was the final crash and people in many parts of the world dropped their morning papers with regret that so much red blood had gone out of it.

For in person and in reputation London had covered a goodly part of this sphere. He represented to Europe that simplified husky American whom the Figaro once defined as "a clean-shaven gentleman with a check-book in one hind-pocket and a revolver in the other." London's works, in cheap reprints or in translations, are found over most of the continent and he has even been lectured on at the Sorbonne as the chief exponent of contemporary American literature.

I doubt whether he will be released from Chancery on any such plea as that. We are not all simplified Americans and it takes more than strenuous living and drinking to make a master. London remains a clever short-story writer, with some excellent autobiographical pages. Realistic, forthright, and very personal, his manly figure looms as the Klondike of our soil. We have not yet absorbed the Klondike and therefore Jack London has his legitimate vogue. But he has few contacts with civilization and none with the civilized literature which, presumably, is still to come.

E. Preston Dargan.

An Epic of Labor

Pelle the Conqueror: Daybreak, by Martin Alexander Nexö. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

WHEN you can get a book like Pelle fresh from these days, you realize the silliness of that prejudice in which we were all brought up that all the great literature was written before our schoolbook canon closed. Who would be willing to live in a literary age that did not have Pelle, and those other many-volumed epics of life like Jean Christophe and even Jacob Stahl? Particularly does Pelle make you feel the thinness of what we are willing to accept from novelists as a transcript of life. The pleasure of reading this book is not only that of following the thread of a life, or the inception of a great labor movement. It is also that of immersing oneself in the real thick human world of dimensions and sensuality. It is not merely brightly motor and visual, like American novels. Life streams to the author, and to his characters,

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through all the physical senses. The world pushes and brims upon them. To Nexö there are no reticences; there is nothing clean or unclean. The coarse, ever-subjugated, yet ever-wistful life of the poorest gets in him a sheer significance through his feeling for the inescapable goodness of sensual life. He does not revel, but he accepts. Brought up himself in the poorest quarters of Copenhagen, and working, like his own Pelle, as a shoemaker's apprentice on the secluded island of Bornholm, he relives that elemental life through this book. There is in him something of the old Rabelaisian flavor, which we are now far too sophisticated to get pleasantly from that old literature. He brings to our sympathy that rich, earthy, immemorial strain of sex and hunger and primitive necessities, gives it a modern embodiment that is all charm and sincere feeling.

This epic of the lowest of the low—the common laborer's life on the rough upland farm, the pathetic remoteness of the island town, the crowded warrens of Copenhagen—is full of a noble-hearted sanity that melts away the bitter and the sordid. A quality of life that is almost never written about except with either a sentimentality or a strident, self-conscious realism, comes to us in these pages as reality itself. Nexö conveys the simplicity of outlook in the hereditary poor which veils keenness of suffering, the lurking optimism, the endurance, the friendliness and mutual dependence of those who have no time for analysis or imaginative cravings. From the moment when the little steamer comes out of the mist to Bornholm with the boy Pelle and his old work-worn Swedish father Lasse, we are never out of that world of importunate, rudimentary life.

Pelle begins his boyhood life of labor by tidying the dung-heap, fetching water for the laundry-girls, greasing the agricultural pupil's boots, running to the village shop for spirits and chewing-tobacco for the men. Life lures him from the Stone Farm to shoemaking in the little town; and then on across the sea at nineteen to the turreted capital. But life treats him harshly, in spite of his energy and intelligence. He finds himself at the head of the new, desperately struggling labor movement, of which faint rumors have floated into the shop at Bornholm. The close of the great strike puts him into prison on an ironically irrelevant charge. The poignant story of that winter's starvation, the freezing masses, the frightful conflict between fidelity to the movement and fidelity to agonizing wife and children is the epic of that tragedy of exploited labor. Never has literature so seized the heart of confused, yet dogged, working-class revolt. The masters are shadowy figures, but the workers are alive with their misery and helplessness. As we read, the whole world seems to turn cold and hungry with them. That crazy caravansary, the "Ark" (did ever novelist succeed in giving such life to a building, and so graphically making its endless chambers and rotting timbers ooze out of them all the tragedy and beastliness and friendliness of the poor?) becomes the symbol of the workers whom it houses. Nexö has that rare imaginative gift of making everything he touches reach back to the continuity of sensuous and traditional life and out to the great masses of the people. His characters are symbols, and yet his symbols are warm flesh and blood, full of individuality.

When the "Ark" burns, just as the strike is over, power seems to leave the writer's hand. Pelle's return from prison, in this last volume, and his slow winning back of the frozen Ellen are wonderfully done, but the book is dead. The machines have conquered the old handicrafts, and Pelle's organizing talent turns to coöperation. But one yawns a little over the old librarian who comes in as bountiful friend and capitalist to float the new enterprises. The social issues become confused. It is a far cry from the neatly brushed Pelle, with his happy family around him surveying the new garden suburb for workingmen, to the wash and souse of life on the Bornholm farm among the quarrelsome farmhands and amorous maids, and even to the adventure of life in the crowded "Ark." Pelle as such a "conqueror" seems a bit ironic. Did a touch of fatigue in this last volume turn Nexö to smugness? One turns back to the strange world where Pelle drew wisdom from the sounds of the farm, the smell of the earth and the animals, the warmth of flesh, and the streaming impressions from high stony fields, shore and tangled woods, and the weird superstitions of the countryside.

It is in these earlier volumes that one most feels the sweep and depth of this Danish writer. Surely "Pelle" is one of the great novels of the world. It is manifold. There is in it not only this life of the poor, touched with authentic imagination, and the struggle of labor against the irresistible machine-power. There is a crowded gallery of individual lives, strongly etched, unforgettable, yet all merging into the mass, living all somehow more greatly than themselves. Curiously enough, Pelle comes to seem the least successfully drawn of all Nexö's people. The Boyhood and Apprenticeship are marvellous, the very stuff of the author's own life, bright, curious, naïve youth, making what it can out of a hard, painful, confusing, but alluring world. The play on the heath, the trudging off to town, the ordeal in the shop, the lonely boy friends, the girls in the garden, the exotic tales from the sailor of overseas, the queer impressions of half-grown youth—all this springs to life before your eyes. But the labor movement which makes Pelle a leader also engulfs him. He becomes progressively more of a figurehead. The personal Pelle fades into the institutional Pelle. He might do vitally enough for an ordinary novel, but the glow of those early chapters spoils one for this grave, intelligent young man. Instead of Pelle, it is old father Lasse who comes to seem the real compelling hero of the book, a genuine conqueror to the last pitiful scene of his primitive, work-harried life. Nexö unconsciously makes him a sustainedly epic figure, expressing in everything he says and does—in his eternal defeat, his eternal hope, his unsubjugated friendliness to the world, the elemental dignity with which he carries on life even when reduced to dwelling in an ash-heap with a hideous crone—all the most touching and honest themes of human life.

And how convincing and sympathetic the other characters are! The mistress of Stone Farm, Johanna the "Sow," the "Great Power," wistful and sorely smitten Master Anders, the girl Manna, Hanne's mother, Stolpe, and the rest! The girls are drawn with tenderness and poetry. Hanne with her dreams, and Marie with her loyalty, and the proud Ellen, fighting that silent battle for her husband Pelle's undivided soul against the "movement" which is the enemy of her domestic happiness. Out of every viciousness and degradation in these people's distorted relations Nexö somehow sucks the poison. The significance of situations remains, the irony. But the moral sting is drawn out. Nexö makes you a moral democrat in spite of yourself. Only a great artist and a great soul could leave you with this warm, totally unsentimentalized and totally undisgusted comprehension of the many flagrant relations in this book. Nexö's vision is of the rarest, and yet the only one that can keep living sane and sweet. In

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Nexö's world the virtues are courage and tenderness, and there are no vices.

There is a magic about Nexö's scenes as there is about his personal relations. What charm in that Midsummer Eve's celebration, with all its blood and lust; in the orgy of the Great Power; in Manna's love-making in the garden! And where can you find in literature any scene more thrilling in imaginative power than where Hanne, burning with fever and desire, dances to her death in the icy, brilliant pleasure-hall? The symbolism of that scene reverberates in endless waves of meaning.

Nexö's portrayal of youth and life is both more elemental and more universal than the other great novels of the last decade. What we seem to need to-day to keep life worth living is to look at things just as they are, candidly, relentlessly, and yet find them touched with a certain inevitable tenderness that makes contact between us and the naked and crushing reality. The realist who does not feel this slight poetic touch becomes a sinister madman; the poet who spurns facts a merely obstructive dreamer. The novelist who pretends to present a vision of life to us seems faulty just so far as he fails to fuse these two life-bringing attitudes. Pelle seems to come strangely near that perfect fusion of the relentless facts of human life with the truthful beauty of their understanding.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Our Dramatic Past

Representative American Plays, edited by Arthur Hobson Quinn. New York: The Century Company. $2.75.

IT was about time that somebody made plain to the large and ever increasing number of students of the stage in our American colleges that there has been after all an American drama, exactly a hundred and fifty years of it dating from the first production of the Prince of Parthia in Philadelphia in 1767, and that in interest, diversity, and mediocrity that drama was no whit inferior to the average English production during the same time. If England has the unlamented Mrs. Aphra Behn's Oroonooko, America can boast Tortosa the Usurer, by N. P. Willis; for her Sheridan Knowles we offer John Howard Payne, and before Tom Robertson wrote Caste, Anna Cora Mowatt-Ritchie wrote Fashion. Up till 1890 everything that made England's drama so undistinguished can be found on the American stage, generally a decade later and having suffered a curious sea-change that made it, for all its second-hand quality, essentially Yankee.

Professor Quinn in his collection of these twenty-five representative plays, carefully and unobtrusively edited, has thrown more light on the state of public taste along the Atlantic seaboard in the last century than could be acquired from any other sort of collection. The American reading public was even less representative than it is now; its theatre-going public must have been remarkably like ours of to-day, not in New York, perhaps, but in the typical and smaller city we all come from. In short, the interesting thing about the plays in this collection, from The Contrast, in 1787, to Rachel Crothers's comedy, He and She, in 1911, is the way in which they run true to form.

The genuineness of this popular and entertaining drama of ours is emphasized by the fact that none of our few distinguished literary figures was attracted to write for it. We had no Swinburne, no Tennyson or Browning, to cast the glamour of poetry over material which they did not know how to present theatrically, and so to complicate the question of its dramatic worth. Neither our real artists nor those who enjoyed a generation's reputation as artists meddled with the theatre; they left it to the hacks and to the men who had grown up in the theatrical tradition. Hence we can tell with some certainty what it was that the public wanted.

What it did not want was poetic tragedy. That and romantic phantasy have had no hold on us. George Baker in his Francesca Da Rimini came nearest to it, but even that, judged by the standards of genuine poetic tragedy, was hardly more than skilful romantic play with an unhappy ending, told in careful and scholarly, if rather undramatic, verse. It lacked the true poetic urge of . . . say, Strafford or Mary Stuart, though it was a better play than either. The other romantic comedies or tragedies in blank verse in the volume, The Broker of Bogota, Leonora, by Julia Ward Howe, Pocahontas (in poetic prose), by George Washington Parke Custis—all on the model of that first acted drama in America, The Prince of Parthia—are examples of what our generation has grown to shudder at as the "blank verse play," of which Longfellow's Spanish Student and somebody's Ion are the extreme examples—exotic, artificial, romanticized affairs, wherein theatrical sense, swift action, portrayal of character, and even pure poetry are excluded in favor of an unrelieved, stagy, metrical oratory. These in America lacked even the melodramatic sweep that made Richelieu and The Lady of Lyons so comparatively alive. One alone, Barker's Superstition, a story of Puritan witches and regicides, stands out. It must have been an exciting acting play, however indifferent the verse, and belongs really in another class, that in which America has succeeded, the melodrama. These others, these American imitations of Dryden's imitations of the unsuccessful Elizabethans, did not take root among us. Is it too unfair to judge that the American dramatic spirit has been neither tragic nor genuinely romantic?

But melodrama, particularly historical melodrama, has a better record. Superstition is good melodrama; so is Dunlap's André, precursor of Fitch's Nathan Hale. It had the misfortune to be written in blank verse with the minimum of realism, but as a historical melodrama it is the first of a long line of interesting work which culminates in that perfect piece of theatrical mechanism Secret Service, which we are fortunate to have in this volume with all of Mr. Gillette's multitudinous stage directions, even to the management of the cigar. In the other field, what we may call civil melodrama, the century's work shows the same sense of the theatre which the would-be poets lacked, and for sheer effectiveness neither Boucicault's Octoroon nor Mackaye's Hazel Kirke are inferior to the best in England's most successful form of art. And in our own century, with Madame Butterfly, The Witching Hour, and The Boss, we find that however tricked out with poetic atmosphere, elementary psychology, or incisive portrayal of the manners of the Tenderloin, our best men of the second grade have followed not the best French and English tradition of the last quarter century, but the essential, well carpentered melodrama which has always held our boards, all the way up and down the scale from Sherlock Holmes to The Fatal Wedding.

But somehow one feels that even melodrama is not what America likes best or has liked best in the past. In looking over Professor Quinn's editorial notes the reader is struck by the frequency with which names of plays appear which deal with the comic side of American manners. Only an

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example or two are given, but they are significant. In 1787 Royall Tyler did for New York what Sheridan did for London in The School for Scandal, bitter comedy of manners, lashing with a smile the follies of society and showing by contrast that honest worth, however disguised by rustic manners, was really most American. Jonathan from Vermont, in The Contrast, a play full of the echoes of Sheridan, really began a dramatic tradition which has proved to be our most successful and, I believe, our most characteristic. He was followed, sixty years later, by Mrs. Mowatt-Ritchie's Fashion, which is the Caste of American drama. These two plays seem to me the most significant of the whole output of the century, so far as it can be indicated in one volume. For they marked the path which our best-loved plays and our most successful playwrights have trodden assiduously ever since.

Even in plays which are not primarily comedies of manners the memorable figures follow that tradition. What else is Rip Van Winkle or the long line of characters Jefferson created? Or Salem Scudder in The Octoroon? Or Pittacus Green in Hazel Kirke? Or the homely figures in The Old Homestead, or in the plays of James A. Hearne, which could not, for copyright reasons, be included in the volume? They are all drawn from the deepest and purest well of dramatic tradition, the shrewd, rather satiric, portrayal of typical American figures, in comic situations which turn the searchlight, always consciously, on the foibles of our national life.

The more I looked over the long lists of titles of past successes the more it seemed to me that in the work of two men of our generation, one dead, one living, is summed up the most genuine and significant spirit of our drama. Clyde Fitch is represented, unfortunately, by one of his weakest plays, but even that is in the true tradition of Fashion and The Contrast. For Clyde Fitch was, above all, apart from his facility and cleverness at the tricks of the stage, an indefatigable student of men and women in their surface, or social, aspects. And his successor, whom one fears only a sense of academic dignity kept out of this volume, is George M. Cohan. Neither is a psychologist like the best continental dramatists, neither even pretends to imitate, except perhaps Fitch once or twice, unfortunately, the pseudo-psychologists of the British Pinerotic type. Their aim has been to paint manners, and for that reason they have been immeasurably more successful than their contemporaries who have not so correctly gauged the depth and the interest of the American mind, exactly as The Contrast and Fashion still have a vividness, a freshness, a sense of the actual which none other of the more pretentious plays of their generations possesses.

They have followed the method which every one of the actable plays in this book either consciously or unconsciously followed, that of reliance on an actor with individuality, the full-length, carefully articulated presentation of one or two characters on whose shoulders the play has ridden to success. Jonathan, Adam Trueman, Salem Scudder, Pittacus Green, Rip Van Winkle, Bertie the Lamb, Beau Brummel, Josh Whitcomb, Herr Von Barwig, Becky Sharp, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, these are some of the figures, set in serio-comic sketches of manners and action, which are significant in the American theatre. Our star system is not an accident.

One does not pretend that these are the best art. But it is well to recognize that if theatrical history is any criterion here lies the ladder on which to mount to the semi-mythical great American play. And therefore let the arts theatres and the little theatres and the players of every town and neighborhood begin to recognize wherein lies their true work. Not by careful presentations of the best foreign work, however valuable that may be, will our American theatre progress; not by the flavorless semi-adaptations of foreign situations to the American scene, but by the conscious attempt to give a more thoughtful, a less theatrical presentment of American life as it is. If Clyde Fitch and George M. Cohan are, as I believe they are, the epitome of what is best and most successful in our dramatic literature, then our aim must be to encourage, to produce and to train up Clyde Fitches to the *nth* power, George M. Cohans *in excelsis*. For you cannot reform a drama or a literature from without; you cannot superimpose technique or psychology or point of view from the littlest little theatres in Europe on our American theatrical entertainments and expect to get anything more than stage societies on the one hand and the movies on the other. Our drama will be a growth from the seeds which the uncritical, provincial, indigenous play-makers of the past century planted. True, they imitated; true, they adapted—but the result, if it was to remain in a people's memory, was essentially Yankee, or, better still, American.

And for the proof, there is in Professor Quinn's volume one play which is both a play and a poem, both an accurate and faithful presentation of manners and the plumbing of a soul wrestling in the night with the Angel of the Lord. William Vaughn Moody's drama The Faith Healer, despite its imperfections, is defense enough for all that went before. None but an American could have written it. And its method is the sublimation, in the hands of a poet who knew his craft, of the methods of our most memorable playwrighting. It is in the picture, as Percy Mackaye's Scarecrow is forever out of the picture. It is essential drama distilled from the homely life we all have to live.

Ah, if George M. Cohan were only a poet!

ROBERT E. ROGERS.

One Way of War

Mendel; by Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

THE influence of Jean-Christophe, the influence of Russian novels, the influence of anthropology and of psychoanalysis—the influence of everything that is trying to dig stronger foundations for the shaky civilized man has helped no doubt Gilbert Cannan's creation of Mendel, for one thinks of Mr. Cannan as still eagerly giving himself to renovating ideas. Mendel is a young Jew and a painter, whose reactions to the conditions of his life and to his natural impulses have an effect of the fundamental and submerged. But while now and again Mr. Cannan may seem to be digging under direction, he has built a structure that is not a copy. He has been fresh and forthright in realizing the young painter's blind but obstinate struggle to force out of his art what is its essence for him, and to force out of his love for a Christian girl what makes it deeper than an Oriental possessiveness.

Mendel Kühler is the child of Austrian Poles, who live poorly and puritanically in the East End of London. They are uncommercialized, un-Anglicized Jews, believing stubbornly that man lives in sorrow all his days. To them any hope of happiness among the vain shows of the world or in the sentimentalities of feeling seems Christian and slight—the Jew knows "what's solid." Christians

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"are not truly happy, they are only hiding away from themselves."

Mendel's mother, however, causes his childish perceptions of depth and beauty in life. "She herself had a love of flowers and of moonlight and the stars shining through the smoky sky, and she would sometimes find herself being urged to the use of strange words, which would make Mendel raise his head and cock his ears as though he were listening to the very beat of her heart."

One thinks of Gorky's grandmother, but then—why not? It would be grandiose to set out Gorky's art against Cannan's, and to claim perpetual finality for Gorky's grandmother. One should beware, however, of Nijni Novgorod's taking too much advantage of East London in one's romantic imagination.

Everything must have instant reality for Mendel; his instinct demands the vividness of the here and now. A quick response to that is his natural power. He tells the young Quaker from an Oxford settlement, who is "rescuing" him from the slums, that his mother had said far more beautiful things than Keats or Milton. This instinct for what is real to him becomes more and more inexorably his test of value. Experience in the usual good art school and of the usual pleasant Christian world makes him only feel his work and his life to be learning conventions.

His demand for his own truth becomes the "obscure desperate purpose" which finds in his painting its tool. He works it out in his association with Logan, the self-conscious experimental painter with the gift of words. At last the young Jew sees Cézanne's portrait of his wife and feels "like a tree putting out its leaves in the spring."

One should not grudge Mr. Cannan his use of Cézanne —and of Picasso and Van Gogh and the others—for his sense of their blessed primal quality seems to have been personal and liberating. At any rate it generally sounds only fretful, complaint about useful current symbols, like Freud and Cézanne—and Jean-Christophe and Russian novels. The gist of it at best is only that the symbols seem worn out. But Mr. Cannan's feeling for his painters gives them enough fresh significance. And as soon as one takes the book as a little bit pamphleteering, his symbols are justified as wigwagging.

Must one go to war to be a warrior? Must there be bloodshed before civilized man regains harshness towards his body and intensity of purpose for his spirit? Civilized man feels he has submerged powers. Can he not disengage them and use them while there is peace? One likes Mendel chiefly because it expresses valorously a sense of the primitive value of the fight that there is when one's work and one's love are made to use all the forces of one's life. The book is not comfortable and acquiescent. It demands thoroughgoing and pugnacious protest. Such work as painting is presented as calling for indomitable energy and that persistence of the will which is a daily battle with natural sloth. Courage and self-sacrifice, the resolve to die daily, must not the artist as well as the soldier be possessed of these? But for the right answer, one's image of the artist must be of a man wrestling with the problem of creation, passionate, unweakened by patient acceptances.

The book is full of destruction, while the things destroyed—like the girl Oliver—are presented generously and not hatefully. And one feels that when it affirms, it is Gilbert Cannan's best contribution as yet. He has been a conscientious objector and he is doing farm work for his form of dislocation. Is it that such measure of persecution has intensified his sense of things spiritual? At all events his mental vigor and his sincerity seem enormously to have broadened and deepened. One gets nothing of the makeshift and the sentimental as in Young Earnest. And he has written a clearer and more coherent book than Three Sons and a Mother.

Morrison, the girl who is disturbed in her "normal mood of happy diffidence" by a deep-seated and yet not gladly accepted love for Mendel, has the freshness of new life—none of the mold of buried treasure one now and then has the scent of from the young painter. Her struggle is to put off her belief in serene joy and to accept his harsh image of himself as a pendulum always swinging from happiness to misery, and so gathering force for his soul. In her love he will not rest. She is realized—we feel her—as a living and beautiful young creature.

But one wishes Mr. Cannan would write a little better. Is it that he is left no margin of time at all? It is not merely that he seems unspontaneous and cold about the visible world. He is capable of such phrases—"He believed there must be mute inglorious Miltons in the slums and that they only needed fertilization." It tests one's disposition toward Mendel to have its author give so little gratification to a taste for letters as a fine art.

EDITH BORIE.

James Elroy Flecker

The Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker with an Introduction by J. C. Squire. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER gave his allegiance to the Parnassians—to that elder group of poets who sought to create beauty alone and whose inclination was to a beauty that would be "somewhat statesque." The Parnassian poet, as Flecker noted, has a tendency to use traditional forms and even to employ classical subjects. "He is apt to be dramatic and objective rather than intimate."

At the moment much is being written about an "objective" movement in contemporary poetry. But in what way can poetry be objective? A poet can do nothing else than give a piece of the life that is within his own breast. He may put a description of the Eiffel Tower into the most academic of forms, or he may state in the most individual way the most secret bit of personal experience. If either statement be a poem it is a poem because of the subjective element it holds—because of the personal emotion within it. On the other hand, there have been always poets who are in love with the circumstances of life and who can mix these circumstances with their personal emotions; there have been always poets who can create dramatically and so make a poetry that seems clear of their personal lives. At present the poets who can mix their personal emotions with the circumstances of life and the poets who can create dramatically have the cry and so there is an "objective" movement in poetry.

James Elroy Flecker best attained his objectivity when he mixed his personal emotion, not with the circumstances of actual life, but with the circumstances of traditional romance. By using measures that are stripped of personal associations—the classical measures in poetry—he heightened this sense of objectivity. He was in revolt against the English poetry of a while ago with its formlessness, its egoism, its didactic tendencies. He desired the beauty that would be "somewhat statesque"—the hard outline and the definite image of the Parnassians. The poems

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in the collection that best reveal such beauty and such form are Pannyra of the Golden Heel, and The Gate of the Armies, both translations from the French—the one from Albert Samain and the other from Henri de Regnier. These two, representing probably Flecker's ideal of poetic creation show what a distance much recent poetry is from the hard outline and the definite image its spokesmen promise.

And yet some of the best poems in the collection are not particularly objective. Stillness, a beautiful poem, is quite personal. Tenebris Interlucentem, The Old Ships, The Old Warship Ablaze, have dramatic quality, but do not stand out as dramatic poems. And Flecker's insistence upon clear outline and definite image may distract attention from the fact that he was a lyric poet with the clearest sense of melody and of sound-values. His Queen's Song and his Dirge have effects that are in the rarest lyrics.

Had I the power
  To Midas given of old
To touch a flower
  And leave the petals gold
I then might touch thy face,
  Delightful boy,
And leave a metal grace,
  A graven joy.

* * * *

If there be any grief
For those lost eremites
Who live where no man roams,
It is on Autumn nights
At falling of the leaf,
It is when pale October,
Relentless tree-disrober,
Conceals the smokeless homes.

His family was Austrian, and perhaps it was because of such affiliation that he was attracted to eastern romance—"The girls who crowned the feast for the Lords who had no care for blood or tears," "The Sword . . . that cleft the gate of proud Vienna." It is true that he wrote the best of these eastern poems while actually in eastern countries. But he showed a preoccupation with such themes before he left England. He was curious about romance and he was learned in literatures. He did a thing more difficult than the bringing back of an eastern glamour—(the glamour is there in The Ballad of Iskander, and The Golden Journey to Samarkand)—he brought into contemporary poetry metres that suggest and may actually be derived from oriental verse—the intricate design of Yasmin, the clashing lines of The Gates of Damascus, the luscious measure of The Hammam Name, the languorous flow of Saadabad. Except James Clarence Mangan no other poet has been able to weave English into such exotic patterns.

The most arresting of the eastern poems is The Ballad of Iskander. There is a factor in the organization of the ballad which modern poets have nearly all been unaware of, a factor, overlooking which, they have been unable to make the ballad a potent form in modern poetry. The unit of the ballad is the stanza. Each stanza should give a story. Tennyson and Swinburne did not understand this, but Macaulay did. What the first two poets took to be their ballads were only their easy-going narrative poems. In the ancient ballad the whole relates an action and so does every stanza. The Ballad of Iskander shows that James Elroy Flecker was one of the few modern poets who knew this open secret. His action comes out of an oriental version of the Alexander story. Plato and Aristotle—Aflatun and Aristu—are the heroes of it. Impressed by the Admiral at Alexander's command they sail on a ship mailed with silver to find "Lords . . . with breasts to feed Our thirsting swords." For three times seven years they sail an unknown sea, at last they meet a ship silver as theirs had been, and in the silver ship they see sailors young and bold, with a radiant captain and with two majestic figures by the mainmast. It is Aflatun who perceives what the silver ship portends.—

"And does yon silver Ship appear
As she had journeyed twenty year?
And has that silver Captain's face
A mortal or immortal grace?

"Theirs is the land (as well I know)
Where live the Shapes of Things Below:
Theirs is the country where they keep
The Images men see in Sleep.

"Theirs is the Land beyond the Door,
And theirs the old ideal shore.
They steer our ship: behold our crew
Ideal, and our Captain too.

"And lo! beside the mainmast tree
Two tall and shining forms I see,
And they are what we ought to be,
Yet we are they, and they are we."

With its startling action, with its quaint atmosphere and quaint versification The Ballad of Iskander is one of the few remarkable ballads written since the revival of the ballad form. There is another in the collection—Bryan of Brittany, but it is in the convention of Tennyson and Swinburne.

Mr. J. C. Squire in his admirable introduction to the Collected Poems compares Flecker with Flaubert—"He combined like Flaubert, a romantic taste for the exotic, the gorgeous and the violent, with a dislike for the romantic egoism, looseness of structure and turgidity of phrase." But if there must be a comparison with one of the elder French writers, it should be with Gautier rather than with Flaubert. Gautier too had a taste for the exotic, the gorgeous and the violent, and he had a love which Flecker shares—a love for youth and youthful passion. Flecker had Gautier's hatred for everything didactic in literature. "It is not the poet's business to save man's soul, but to make it worth saving," he says finely. Although alien by race and very un-English in many tracts of sentiment and expression, he has written poems for England that are nobly patriotic—The Dying Patriot and Burial in England. The opening of the war found him mortally stricken. In the last days of his young life he wrote heroically, and his Collected Poems are made end finely with The Old War Ship Ablaze.

O ship, O fire, O fancy! A swift roar
Has rent the prow of night. Thou nevermore
Shalt glide to channel port or Syrian town;
Light ghosts have danced thee like a plummet down,
And, swift as Fate through skies with storm bestrewn,
Dips out ironical that ship New Moon.

It seems the envoy to a brave and adventurous, and alas! not fully mature life.

PADRAIC COLUM.

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Can the State Survive?

Liberty, Authority and Function, by Ramiro de Maeztu. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.35.

FEW things are more striking at the present time than the crisis in political theory. From 1870 until the outbreak of the present war the tendency of thought was towards a generalized collectivist activity. The legislation of that half-century gave to the state an ever-increasing function. In France, particularly, a vague socialism became the dominant political attitude. In Germany, if the Social Democratic party was unable to attain to power, the adherents of the monarchy did not shrink from stealing its ideas. England traveled more slowly; yet in the decade after the liberal rise to power in 1906 it is impossible to mistake the advent of a new and more socialized liberalism. In America, indeed, the movement has begun but recently to find a legislative expression. But no student of labor legislation can fail to see that here, too, it is in the state that the hopes of men have been centered.

In the main it is a faith in social solidarity that lies at the bottom of this attitude. Somehow, so it is believed, the nation is one; and it is the object of democratic endeavor to give expression to that unity. The whole movement can be strikingly seen by anyone who compares the opinions of Peckham and Brewer with those of the Supreme Court at the present time. The age of individualism has definitely passed. We have done with its easy falsehoods. It was economically wasteful and it found no justification in psychology. It was a faith tolerable, perhaps, in an age of pioneers. But it had no sort of validity in fact once the margin of easy subsistence had been reached. There is no special power to-day in observing the occidental counsel of Mr. Greeley. No man can hope to find economic salvation by the sheer force of individual exertion. We have established, so at least we seem to believe, the basic fact of social cohesion; and we have been attempting, simultaneously, the discovery of some political hypothesis which may help us to the interpretation of its meaning.

To-day, in fact, the state enjoys its beatification. We turn to it almost blindly in the sure faith that its ways spell salvation. Yet it needs no acute observation to detect in this state-worship the signs of political euthanasia. Even before the war men of ability were to be found who, while they were in no respect individualists, yet had a profound distrust of state-functioning. The whole syndicalist movement is no more than the translation of this mistrust into economic terms. Its critical attitude to the Marxian dogmas in nowise conceals the fact that upon the fundamental issue of the Marxian philosophy—the capitalist nature of the state—it has erected its superstructure of theory. The ablest syndicalists of France—Sorel, Lagardelle, Griffuellhes—make no secret of their contempt for so bourgeois an institution. Labriola in Italy has attempted the adaptation of socialist economics to meet the challenge of this criticism. In England, a band of enthusiasts, under the able guidance of Mr. A. R. Orage, has developed a new economic synthesis which, while it is patently defective on the side of construction, is yet a powerful and important critique of the basic system of modern society. It is to this school that Mr. Maeztu belongs. While his book is rarely original, it is yet a valuable index to an interesting attitude. Born, as he tells us, of war-speculation, it makes us realize that not even the state-omnipotence this crisis has engendered will serve to hinder the thoroughgiving revision of political theory. The state which the years after the war will slowly form is likely to be a different organization from any we have thus far known.

Mr. Maeztu interprets the war as a conflict between liberty and authority. With both principles he feels a profound dissatisfaction. Liberty, he conceives as no more than the apotheosis of an individualism too selfish and too proud to devote its energies to the service of men. It does not minister to that principle of association upon which alone a new socialism can be founded. Nor is the principle of authority in better case. It is, indeed, more practical. It is a striking fact that its eminent utility is at all times manifest in moments of crisis. It is then that the fundamental littleness of the individual is undeniably brought home to the minds of men. But authority, in the last analysis, is no more than a consciousness of power. It lacks moral guaranties. Its history has been written in letters of blood and fire. It is a weapon of oppression rather than an instrument of good. It has failed to give us any factual assurance of democratic implications. It is otherwhere that political salvation is to be found.

It is in the fundamental fact of human association that Mr. Maeztu places his confidence. The state, he claims, is no more than a great public service corporation which must justify itself by its moral exertions. It lacks personality. For to Mr. Maeztu there is no reality in the will we are to-day accustomed to associate with collective exertions. He salutes in M. Leon Duguit the prophet of a new era; for M. Duguit finds the principle of social solidarity not in the fact of a common will (of which he denies the existence) but in the thing willed in common by a group of men. Upon the basis of this assumption Mr. Maeztu constructs a kind of economic federalism the units of which derive from the nature of their functions. The state, in such an analysis, becomes a center of linkage rather than a center of force. It is a least common multiple of general necessities. The theory for which Mr. Maeztu stands sponsor is a theory of rights based upon services, and the subject of those rights is not the individual but the group. He finds a justification of his standpoint in the syndicalist progress of the last decade. Men, as he insists, do bend to group themselves round the functions they fulfil. It seems then wise to base the rights they may enjoy upon the basis of those functions. And it is undoubtedly a step forward that Mr. Maeztu should give to right the implication of a claim scientific experience has validated rather than the broken stake against which Burke directed the heavy fire of an unshakable criticism.

Into the details of Mr. Maeztu's attitude it is not possible for me to enter. But it is important that we should realize how little there is of novelty in these principles. Against one thing at the outset it is necessary to enter a firm, if respectful protest. Nothing is more easy, and few things are more ignorant, than the romantic idealization of the Middle Ages. If Mr. Maeztu will go to the documents he will find that William Morris wrote not prose but poetry and that even guild socialism can become utopian where it ceases to be accurate. His dismissal of corporate personality on the basis of M. Duguit's criticisms suggests an unfamiliarity with a vital literature which has discussed those criticisms in detail and in circumstances. Mr. Maeztu seems never to have heard of Esmein or Hauriou, of Gierke or of Maitland; yet their thoughts on the nature of the state have an important relation to this type of thinking. He does not seem to know that economic federalism of the type he suggests is as old as Proudhon; and that in the hands of Paul Boncour and Maxime Leroy it has begotten

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in France one of the most suggestive controversies of recent years. His book, in fact, strikes one reader at least as incurably insular. It needs pruning of countless personal divagations. Its treatment of the philosophy of the war is not only scrappy but has the air of being written rather from hurried acquaintance with a few popular manuals than from any profound thought upon a very complex problem. Most readers, one imagines, would be glad to skip Mr. Maeztu's somewhat childish personalia. And the book needs documentation. It is a serious work and, on its negative side at least, it has much in it that is well said and ably argued. It summarizes for English-speaking readers a political attitude of increasing importance. It cannot but be a matter of regret that Mr. Maeztu should not have given to his book the time and the care that such fundamental speculation unremittingly demands.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Sub Specie Aeternitatis

Mors et Vita, by Alfred Loisy. Paris: E. Nourry. Fr. 1.50.

M. ALFRED LOISY, under the great emotion of France's effort and sacrifice in the war, has written a small volume on life and death which is likely to stand in liberal eyes as one of the classics of this period. To understand its full significance Americans must recall that M. Loisy was a few years ago a Catholic parish priest who, by the weight of his critical writings, became a leader among French modernists. His aim was to apply to dogma the interpretation of history, to show its human structure and composition, to adapt it to the needs of the twentieth century. The church, however, cast him out with other disinterested reformers, and his delicate intellectual detachment and his learning were later confirmed by his appointment to a chair of comparative religion at the Collège de France. He writes his Mors et Vita, then, as a scholar versed in Christian origins, as a religious philosopher to whom the claims of that French Catholic renaissance, of which we have heard so much, cannot be indifferent. The book, in fact, summarizes the most recent stage in the long struggle between Roman Catholicism and free scientific thought in France. But it has a gravity, an irony, an eloquent humanity, a high fervor for truth, a critical fecundity which raise it high above the level of the authors whom it seeks to refute.

Abstract views of life and death probably count for little in the development of humanity, Loisy suggests; they have certainly played little part in the present gigantic war where men have lived and died in haste, quite regardless of their private views of eternity, to defend their country, their society, their ideal of humanity. They have thereby demonstrated once more a principle "already superabundantly demonstrated by history"; a principle "which has really governed the existence of men in all human societies; that is, that individuals brought up and sustained by the social groups to which they belong, owe themselves more or less, or even altogether to the collectivity which carries them." By comparison with this law which Loisy calls "the law of life," our metaphysical notions of life and death, heaven and hell, which have varied with times and peoples, seem "a complement, an ornament, a symbol where the intelligence rests to satisfy its own inquietude."

It is chiefly men at the back who feel the need of interpretation and symbolism. Mass in the trenches is one thing, the propaganda carried on by the literary prophets of the Roman church is another. For religion is affirmed, not proved, and Catholicism in particular holds faith to be a grace of God, not a reasoned conviction. The church has, of course, an official demonstration by miracle and revelation, but in our age this convinces only the believer. Hence the lay writers who are her chief apologists in France have inevitably entered into their adversaries' doubts, and adopting the language and ideas of the century, have themselves become conscious or unconscious modernists, who would be quickly disavowed were Rome's responsibility engaged.

Loisy deals first with the "academic and worldly apologetic" of M. Paul Bourget, as expressed in his novel called The Meaning of Death. It is the story of a materialist doctor who does not know how to die, of a Catholic officer who does, and the woman they both love; divested of romance its high claim is that only a Catholic with a belief in immortality as a reward for sacrifice can nobly give his life. Americans may swallow this thesis because of the perfection of its sentimental casuistry, but to Loisy it seems outrageous exploitation of a common grief, perversion of the "admirable gesture" of the dead. "Let them not be made to bear witness against the ideal of liberty for which they died. We are witness of what they had at heart."

Loisy, indeed, sends Bourget back to his catechism. To the real Catholic believer, as he says, immortality is a recompense, not a reason proposed for sacrifice. But the origins of the Catholic interpretation of death are known to us: they are an amalgam of the prophetic belief in the reign of justice, of the Jewish belief in the resurrection of the dead, of the Hellenic belief in the immortality of the soul. "The imagination of Christian centuries has worked on this synthesis" and the result is a vision, a dream more complete but no more demonstrable than that of other religions. Moreover, if it be psychologically and pragmatically true that the believer lives by his faith, what of the faith which supports Jew, Mohammedan and Protestant? Death, says Bourget, has no meaning if it be an end; it has one if it be a sacrifice. Death, replies Loisy, is indeed an end; it marks a profound and lamentable loss since it cuts down young lives which promised to be fruitful: "The true sacrifice, the veritable sacred action is not in the death but in the devotion, it is the generous devotion with which one risks one's life that is effective, it is this that is fecund."

The non-Catholic soldiers of France are not dying in stoical despair. Some of them court death with a sort of natural bravery and insouciance, others from a moral necessity; all with the confidence and consolation of contributing to the preservation of what they hold dearest in the world. The most poignant pages of Loisy's book describe the death in battle of three "neighbors of his heart and mind" who range from fifty to six-and-twenty; all three, like himself, detached for love of truth from the old symbols of the Christian faith. "But they had a faith, certainly, and profound and powerful and noble it was, a faith which they hold in common with your dead, and which made them all brothers. France has not two categories of heroes of which one, yours, is greater, more beautiful and holy than the other, that of the so-called unbelievers. France recognizes all those who believe in her, and never will she admit this humiliating division."

The insincere foundations of Bourget's "languorous" and "bastard" faith crumble before Loisy's gleaming irony, his subtle intellectual analysis. The second half of his book deals, however, with a young Catholic writer who is undoubtedly both sincere and representative: Ernest

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Psichari, the grandson of Ernest Renan—the child, that is to say, of a distinguished free-thinking and anti-militarist milieu. His conversion first to militarism, then to Catholicism were recorded in two novels of considerable literary quality, L'Appel des Armes, Le Voyage du Centurion, and confirmed, as it were, by his gallant death in August, 1914. He accordingly stands as the symbol and spokesman of the *renouveau Catholique;* the proof that the intellectual crisis, originated by Renan, and pushed by the anti-clericals to the separation of church and state, is ended; and that the youth of France is returning to Catholicism as to a national religion.

It will be remembered that for ten years before the war in his nationalist newspaper, L'Action Française, M. Charles Maurras had preached the advent of an absolute monarchy fortified by the army on the one hand, and the church on the other. Nationalism still lacks a monarch, but the war has given impulsion to its alliance of the sword and the cassock. The young nationalists are trying to transform the Gospels into a militarist thesis—there is, says Loisy, no more extraordinary metamorphosis in ancient mythology than that of the pacifist Christ into their Jesus Sabbaoth who closely resembles the god of the Germans—and claiming that "Catholic" and "Frenchman" are synonymous terms. "We are the soldiers of Christendom, and we have before us the soldiers of Odin." But, asks Loisy, are there not Christians on both sides, and does not the "pontiff of neutrality" incline to the side of Odin? This is not a religious war; it represents the struggle of a conception of true humanity against a conception of brutal humanity. Moreover, Christianity, conceived outside all political and national life, became national only when it began to replace the old pagan cults. If it be measurably true that the priest and soldier were associated in the past of Catholic France, the vision which now unites them is not traditional but the fabrication of modern absolutists. "So thought in his time the great Napoleon. And he died of it." Besides, the Catholic Church is not in principle at the service of the state; and the modern soldier, whom Psichari sees still as a "centurion," a type of absolute obedience and discipline, is now in fact the armed citizen, agent, but in no sense instrument of the state. "No nation, not even France, is made for eternal war." Psichari has passed in spirit from the army to the church. But the road from one to the other exists only in his own thought.

Loisy points out that the crisis which separated Renan from the church was intellectual, while that which brings Psichari back is spiritual. The two experiences are neither parallel nor equivalent. Renan's doubts were the fruit of learned study and a passion for scientific truth. Psichari's faith, profoundly ignorant of dogma and history, is a revolt from the destructive and materialist aspects of anti-clericalism and the other bitter quarrels which divided the France of his youth. He needed spiritual communion, peace of soul, human fraternity and for lack of any other home, sought them in the church. The opponents of Catholicism have too often, Loisy insists, forgotten that "souls must have other hearths than those of a science whose light does not warm." When Renan, with smiling irony said that "men live by the shadow of a shadow," he was discounting the sentiments by which society progresses. The reply of the grandson, "Anything rather than death . . . if the shadow gives me life it is because the shadow is living," is natural and justified. But the shadow he embraces is, Loisy conceives, that of his fellow man. Psichari believes in the Catholic church because he believes in Christ, and he believes in Christ because he believes in human fraternity. This is true faith but it is not orthodox Catholicism.

Can the church continue to hold men who do not believe the program they profess? In the earlier centuries she knew how to use the most finely tempered minds, now she turns to magico-miraculous puerilities. Even a crisis of faith has to be defined in the intellect, and since science has not ceased to fortify her position, all the intellectual bridges are now cut between Catholicism and contemporary France. On the other hand the war has affirmed a human bond that is proving stronger than any confessional faith; it has brought up from the depths an imponderable, illimitable tide of spiritual life which breaks through all scientific definition and flows on towards an enlarging ideal of justice and fraternity. The sentiment of this ideal, the aspirations which go toward it, the satisfactions and sacrifices of serving it are to Loisy the essence of religion. It is not only the Catholics who have a high and sincere faith. Is not the center of France's spiritual life shifting, he asks, is not a *patrie des âmes,* a communion of souls by way of being constituted outside of creed and category?

Loisy seems to envisage such a communion as a practical possibility—how rightly nobody can yet tell. But his mystical hope in its larger definition, is the hope of the French revolution, and of President Wilson's message, and as such should be heartening to Americans who are entering the war on the side of France. Whatever our tenderness for Catholicism, we cannot conceive that France's part in the war has had a doctrinal cast; whatever our private faith, we stand side by side with her generous protagonists of truth who would use the seed of their suffering, not to revive a dead traditional past but to fructify a liberal future.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Victory

The Battles of the Somme, by Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.00.

My Second Year of the War, by Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

WHEN General Haig's report was published the jeers of the pro-Germans rent the skies. Even the military experts, smarting under the consciousness of bad mistakes in the Russian disaster, were plainly sceptical. In substance General Haig said that the bad weather and the mud stopped the advance; that the war of the trenches was not a perpetual stale-mate; that when the spring of 1917 came the advance would continue; that the morale of the German soldiers was definitely lowered; that there would be no counter-attacks on the Somme by the Germans comparable to the counter-attack of the French at Verdun where they won back in three hours what it had taken the Germans three months to win. General Haig did not claim that he would break the German line in two; he said merely that on the Somme the English and French were pressing the Germans harder than they were pressing the Allies. This report was true. No one can read these two volumes, with the absolute honesty of both authors shining through every sentence and paragraph, and not believe it. Now and then one has reservations about their interpretation of this or that—like the letters from home of a captured German soldier which said that the

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Central Powers couldn't hold out three months more, letters which Mr. Gibbs, wanting to believe in the efficacy of the English starvation blockade, did believe—but the honest recording of fact cannot be questioned.

Now that the retreat to the "Hindenburg line" has actually taken place—with rumors from Lille of a further retreat to the frontier—the whole bias of our thinking about the western front has changed. This retreat was primarily due to the success of the Battles of the Somme and there is no dissolving away of that hard fact in the mysterious hints of "strategy" from Berlin. On the other hand, if the reason for the retreat is clear, the reason for the extent of it is not. Neither is the time chosen, except that—once decided upon—a happier time, from a dark weather point of view, couldn't have been selected. Also in the perpetual oscillation of "control of the air" which alternately puts its laurels on either belligerent group, the Germans then had the upper swing of the pendulum. The retreat as such was a success, a real masterpiece of strategy and covering tactics. Yet several bloody weeks must pass before we can get a genuine clue as to why the Germans voluntarily abandoned so much territory and so many well protected positions. If the war ends by the fall, the gain will be the human gain of avoiding useless sacrifice in men. The recent offensives at either wing of the retreat emphasize the ironic opportuneness of the German move. Meanwhile it is worth while pointing out the real victory of the Somme, a victory much greater than any mere local trench-taking success which, from a military standpoint, may simply have confirmed the German General Staff in a decision which they had meant to put into execution sooner or later anyway.

That real victory was the triumph of an idea—the idea of a democracy against a machine. For nearly two years the English had waited to show the Germans that hastily trained men, hastily drilled men, democratically officered men could match all the discipline and organization and fighting power of the German army. When the news came on the second of last July that the German second line had been captured, a bad spell was broken. Never before had that happened—often at Ypres and in the muddy plains of Flanders the English had climbed over corpses and made their way through pitiful desecration of young life to the German first line, there to be cut to pieces by the enemy's barrage fire. But never had they reached the second, and held it. That caused the exultation that ran through the whole great new army that July day when the news filtered back across No Man's Land and shattered communication trench to field-hospital and billets. Human flesh was human flesh and, backed by an equal number of guns, it could accomplish as much under khaki as field green or gray. In the woods of Thiépval and the village of Beaumont-Hamel blackening abominations bore stenching witness to the vanity of German pride. The new army had become an army to be feared—even if it were drafted from London clerks, Manchester factory-hands, Welsh colliers and Scottish business agents. Prussian officers often believed they had surrendered to the Coldstream Guards. Never again would the British be called an "army of amateurs." It is easy, of course, to exaggerate this mood to the point of sentimentality in a war that has steadily become a war of guns, but the cheap militarists who say children should be given a sword in their crib and disciplined in obedience from the age of two, here receive their ultimate refutation. The crushed slopes of Courcellette cry out against the mockery of militaristic stupidity. Give men courage, good bodies, a few weeks' training in shooting straight and a few more in the special technique of killing by the then new methods (which change faster than can be classified) and they will do as well as the ten-year reservist. Probably better.

Yet no one except the editors at home questioned the courage of the Germans. The British Army respected its foe, as it was in turn respected. The German officers were more cruel than their men, but for the rank and file it was "Fritz" and "Brother Boche" and even, when wounded, a gruff "Matey." No need to ask the "Tommies" what they thought of a German machine-gun crew that strapped itself to its gun in order not to be able to flee in forgivable panic when the English barrage became maddening and meant certain and awful massacre. Courage was cheap and equally divided. So too was the queer surface gaiety and humor of the men, a poor disguise for their hatred of the futility and murderous nonsense of it all. The Germans, if anything, were gloomier. One likes to dwell on the thought of what will happen to all the aggressively imperialistic parties in any country after this war. All Europe is learning the criminal irony of the glory of war—all Europe, not part of it as in the romantic past.

Neither Mr. Palmer nor Mr. Gibbs have attempted stylistic masterpieces. They have seen too much war not to be a bit ashamed of their own profession in the face of so great valor. But they took many great risks to get the facts and the "human interest" background without which the civilians yawn over their morning quota of killings. And they have performed a creditable and necessary function with a minimum of self-intrusion. Mr. Palmer has shaped his books into chapters dealing with more or less connected subjects. Mr. Gibbs has recorded his facts day by day, writing in the stir of the horror upon a fine and sensitive nature. Together, these two books give a vivid and authoritative picture of "a series of battles as fierce and bloody as anything the old earth has seen on such a stretch of ground since the beginning of human strife."

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The Great Crusade

A Student in Arms, by Donald Hankey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

ALL the crusading knights templar were surely not bloodthirsty Bois-Guilberts. Even among these warrior monks there must have been some gentler brother who would rather meditate in monastery quiet than slaughter the heathen in Palestine. Yet meditation might lead him into heretical paths. He might come to see so many sides to the question of killing a man that he would hesitate even about fighting those whom his reverend brothers dismissed as infidel dogs. But of course he would soon bow to the inevitable. He would reason that the heathen were attacking the things most sacred to him, and if they could not be turned aside from their misguided purposes except at the point of the sword, why then the sword it must be. And still his New Testament soul would not be quite happy unless he could make murder seem righteous by reconciling it to the gospel precepts, and could convince himself that the doing of it did not have a deteriorating effect on his brethren. In some lighter mood he might argue with himself, "The gospel says, 'Love your enemies'; that means make them your friends.

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But it may be necessary to kick one's enemy in order to make friendship possible." Again, after praying in the cool green shadows of his cell, he might reflect that, "If we fought from blood-lust or hate, war would be sordid. But if we fight, as only a Christian may, that friendship and peace with our foes may become possible, then fighting is our duty, and our fasting and dirt, our wounds and our death, are our beauty and God's glory."

If he put these thoughts on parchment the chances are that they would some day make some twentieth century scholar smile over the charming religious naïveté of the middle ages. Books of to-day have not the longevity of parchment, and so there is little probability that any thirtieth century professor will ever smile over A Student in Arms, the book from which these quotations are taken. Its author, Donald Hankey, was a young aspirant to the Anglican priesthood. He had, to use his own phrasing, for some years been wandering in the inconclusive mists of modern theology. Then his country went to war in what he considered a righteous cause, and despite his "gentle birth" he enlisted as a simple private. Before he was killed in action he had had time to publish his reflections on what has been called the spiritual aspects of the war.

But beyond a certain fresh clarity of style these conclusions of his have little value, unless one understands from them that he went into the war as unprepared to meet realities as the templar's sword would have been to meet a machine gun. It shocked him into partial comprehension. In the barracks he found "the dignity of labor" and evolved a maxim that, "Outward rank is deserving only of outward respect; genuine respect should be accorded only to real usefulness." Before his enlistment he had been worried about the irreligious workingman. Now he decided that praying was very difficult after a day of strenuous labor, and in the trenches he discovered "the religion of the inarticulate," which manifested itself in the unselfish, cheerful, coöperative and democratic spirit of the army. But he did not reflect that all these hopeful human qualities might equally well have been evoked by an earthquake, fire or flood or religious persecution. He credited them all to the uplifting power of sacrificing one's life in a holy war. He had to believe this. He must convince himself that the awful slaughter had the justification of a great crusade, and that the men who fought it were bettered and not degraded. And since his was a temperament as naïvely religious as the medieval monk's, he succeeded. The last words of the notebook in which he jotted down "the chief truths impressed on him by study and experience" were a "Nunc dimittis" because "I have seen the naked souls of men, stripped of circumstance. Rank and reputation, wealth and poverty, knowledge and ignorance, manners and uncouthness, these I saw not. . . . I have seen with the eyes of God. I have seen the vanity of the temporal and the glory of the eternal. I have despised comfort and honored pain. I have understood the victory of the Cross. O Death, where is thy sting?"

But one does not dismiss A Student in Arms as one does the conventional recruiting cant about a country's regeneration through war and the radiance of the military virtues. For that it is too desperately sincere, too openly the product of brave and unsophisticated youth. It is rather with a sort of reverence that one finishes a book so thoroughly imbued with the most promising of human tendencies, the wish to be justified on a constructive instead of on a destructive basis.

SIGNE K. TOKSVIG.

Recent Publications

In the War, by V. Veresáev. Translated by Leo Wiener. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.00.

WRITTEN by a doctor in the Russian-Japanese war, these memoirs offer a ghastly indictment of the waste and cruel stupidity of armed conflict. The corruption and inefficiency of the Russian autocratic military machine as here revealed almost exceed human belief. Divisions were left wandering about behind the lines at Mukden with no orders and no direction, uncertain as to whether they should advance or retreat. Hospitals were established in empty barracks with no beds or blankets or medical supplies—those, or what there was left of them, were left in idle cars a few miles down the track. Food was a happy gift, never a certainty. Even on the trans-Siberian trip the fresh troops were obliged to "live off the country," and often there was little attempt to disguise plain looting from the officers. In fact, any romantic halo which enshrouded the Russian common or peasant soldier is effectively shattered by Veresáev's simple and straightforward narrative of dirt and despair and cruel slaughter. What war can do to even the greatest of men is shown here in a realism which would be merely revolting if it were not for the note of bitterness and irony that gives an undercurrent of clear criticism to the sluggish and sickening stream of war's horror. Of heroism and nobility and self-sacrifice there was a pathetic profusion, yet the balance of misery and degradation far outweighed them. The degeneration and moral discouragement of so many was far too high a price to pay for stimulating the higher instincts of so few. Nevertheless, everything isn't pessimistic. At least six-tenths of the waste and futile savagery of it all was due to the autocratic machine, bound up hopelessly in the evils of its own graft and redtape. One understands better now how any long war was bound to result in revolution for Russia. It has come, and already, after only a few weeks, In the War seems a description of a past era. For now, whether misfortune overtakes her or not, Russia has but one enemy to fight, the external enemy. Heretofore, as Veresáev so memorably shows, she has always had to fight two.

A League to Enforce Peace, by Robert Goldsmith. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

BECAUSE the essential desirability of a League to Enforce Peace has been a favorite conclusion of high-school debating forums for some time is hardly a valid reason for jeering at the conception. Maturity is slow in catching up with the easy reasonableness of youth. Progress is often nothing more than a rediscovery of the truths we were so vividly aware of when adolescent, but which are flattened out and broken on the wheel of grown-up chaos and a muddled world. Every attempt to popularize the idea of a League to Enforce Peace is a distinct service to civilization. To many, Mr. Goldsmith's little book may seem like the re-beating of the obvious, but that doesn't in the least detract from the genuine publicity function such a volume performs. It is popular without being flimsy. Best of all, it is simple and clear and direct. Mr. Goldsmith shows that it is not the lack of goodwill which made the war; it is the lack of a decent organization of that goodwill. There is intelligence enough in the world to conquer war; it merely needs direction. So the League to Enforce Peace becomes not a

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Lydia of the Pines, by Honoré Willsie. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $1.40.

IN a land where sunshine and the silver lining are still the national philosophy, "wholesome" has become a somewhat devastating adjective. Yet in spite of its anaemic associations, one is tempted to employ it of Mrs. Willsie's new novel. Seldom have our native authors sketched a cheerier and brighter and less pretentious picture of the mid-Western, upper Mississippi valley life of a decade ago, so typically American, so vibrant with material plenty and pioneering optimism, so money-mad and graft-ridden, so eager, nevertheless, to slough off the ugliness and corruption of the small town for an ideal of democracy but half understood. Then the early free-and-easy individualism was slowly becoming self-conscious and self-critical. Lydia herself reflected this change in her own development. As a story, Lydia of the Pines is obvious and sentimental enough. The style has small glamour of its own, nor have any of the characters except Lydia much more than a vivid surface plausibility. Of subtleties of introspection and brooding, or of a modern polyphony of emotional variations the book is quite free. What one responds to is the direct and homely idiom, the delicate and arresting unfolding of Lydia from girlhood and adolescence to the maturity of young American womanhood. Somehow Mrs. Willsie contrives to make an honestly American quality radiate from Lydia. All our embarrassed idealism and puzzled, inarticulate striving seem to find expression in her. Like Lake City, that grafted off the wretches on the Indian Reservation, we also are stirred by her, she belongs so essentially to America in her naïveté and pride and intelligence.

The Way of the Wind, by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.40.

APPARENTLY one of the minor characters in The Way of the Wind is the spinster aunt, Miss Abigail, who lives behind Revolutionary window panes at the foot of Beacon Hill. Her only function does indeed seem to be that of providing temporary shelter for the heroine, her niece, but one soon perceives a more subtle significance. Her thin, sweet, naïvely platitudinous person is the very incarnation of the point of view from which the book is written. Miss Frothingham sees life through Aunt Abigail's window panes. In The Way of the Wind, Janet, over thirty, learns that Edgar, the brother of the woman she is visiting, is the family skeleton. Therefore she is surprised to find him a pathetically lovable creature of twenty-two. Yet Edgar really has a past. To be sure he does not himself speak of his "plunge into the dark mystery of an underworld," but his sister has no such reticence. Bitterly she tells Janet that what killed their father was Edgar's final orgy in college, when he played poker from Friday afternoon to Sunday morning, and then appeared in chapel perceptibly under the influence of intoxicants. After that scene he did not even wait to be expelled. He plunged—Miss Frothingham positively refuses to say into what—but at any rate he returned, and now he is tremulously eager to be reformed and loved by Janet. After she has called him her foolish boy a great many times, and he has promised not to play tennis any more, because "it leads to other things," both love and reformation seem assured. And finally they are, of course, though there is an interval of nearly a hundred pages when an unfortunate accident named Mary precipitates Edgar back into his past again, and Janet is left to ponder over Aunt Abigail's maxim that "Life takes a long time to live."

The Rib of Man, a play by Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.30.

MR. KENNEDY is an apostle of general reform. He does not believe in delimiting the problems to be solved, nor even in attacking them one at a time. In The Rib of Man he has two purposes. One is to advocate the sublimation of sex and the other the abolition of war. By contrasting a sex-absorbed conventional woman with a sublimated unconventional one, he proves the first thesis. By letting an ex-aviator tell of his reaction to war atrocities and his subsequent conversion to pacifism, he proves the second. Had Mr. Kennedy not enlisted the aid of symbolism the simplicity of his program might perhaps have been quarreled with, but he envelops the issues in such allegorical vagueness that realistic standards are inapplicable. Anything may happen in a play in whose cast of characters one can find aliases like Basil Martin the aviator, A Fowl of the Air, Peter Prout the scientist, The Subtle One, Rosie Fleming, The Rib and Diana Brand, The Spare Rib. If Mr. Kennedy were more familiar with the American free-lunch counter, he would have hesitated to call his sublimated heroine the Spare Rib.

The Torchbearers of Bohemia, by V. I. Kryshanovskaya, translated by Juliet M. Soskice. New York: R. M. McBride & Co. $1.40.

The information that The Torchbearers of Bohemia is the first translated work of a modern Russian author creates the hope that here is a historical novel that is psychological as well. This may not be a fair frame of mind in which to approach the book, but nevertheless it exists, and one resents its disappointment. The Torchbearers of Bohemia differs from the novels of Henryk Sienkiewicz only by greater condensation, a kinship that may be a distinction, but which fails to satisfy those whom modern Russian literature have trained to expect less of a surface treatment. The stage of this romance is set in fifteenth century Bohemia, and its description of the Czech struggle to win national and religious liberty from the Germans is fairly exciting; a conflict that has especial interest in these days of proposed Austro-Hungarian partition. Then it was John Hus in whom Czech nationalism centered, and it is his self-sacrificing personality which is etched most convincingly in The Torchbearers of Bohemia. Considered solely as a conventional historical novel, the book is vivid enough.

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